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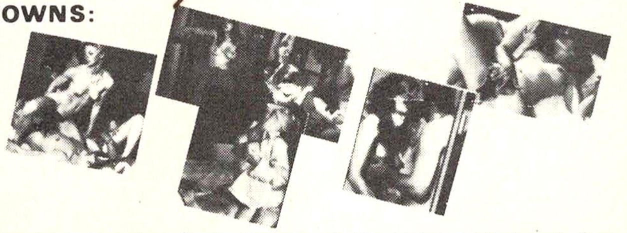

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This is our fabulous cover girl Mary Millington...see more of her on page 17.

EDITORIAL

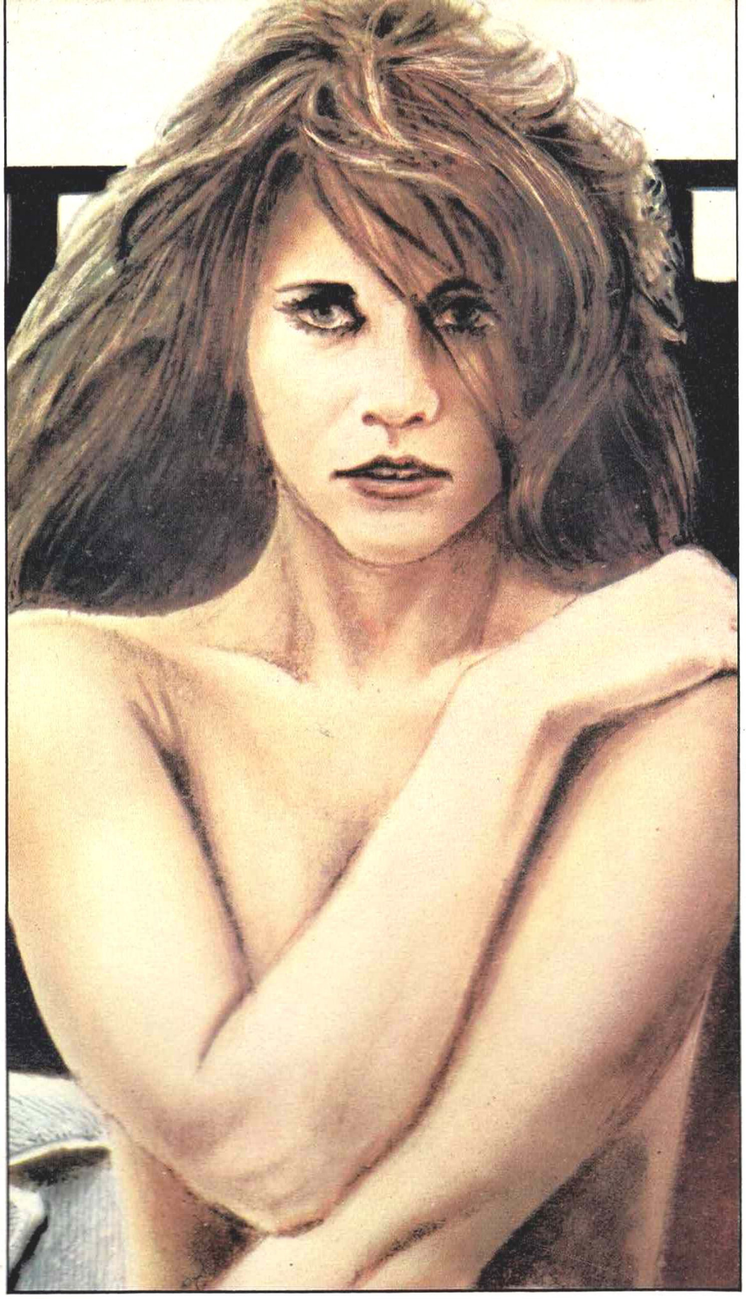
Firstly may I thank you for buying Playbirds again this month – sales are rising every month thanks to you. Please help our sales campaign by placing a firm order for next month's issue with your local newsagent (or direct from us by filling in the coupon on page 98).

There is a new magazine which is actually in your shop NOW, it really deserves your support since it is fighting for greater freedom in publishing, it's the strongest and most outspoken magazine ever seen in Britain. The publishers have taken the added precaution of 'shrink' wrapping it, to ensure it does not offend anybody. It's called Private National News, one of their buyers was so pleased with it he even wrote to our readers' letters section 'singing its praises', and to show you we agree with him (and that we are not afraid of competition), we have published his letter later in this magazine. BUT if you haven't already seen a copy, do yourself a favour and obtain one by filling in the coupons on pages 2 and 16. At the time of writing this editorial more people have been sent to prison for selling 'pornography' – we urge you to do something to stop these outdated sentences. Surely the prisons and police are too busy to deal with people whose only crime is to commit an act which is legal in Holland, Germany, and France (to name just three countries). Please write a letter of protest to your Member of Parliament (who can be contacted at the House of Commons, London S.W.1.2

Doreen Millington (Editor)

PS. Our apologies for not including in this issue the Happy Hookers of Amsterdam, but we are bursting at the seams and something had to go, but it will be included in Issue 7.

NUMBER THREE



THE FABULOUS FONDAS OF LEICESTER

By
Wilson Thatcher

JANE FONDA

Having read all about this amazing family who live in Leicester called the Fondas, though that's not their real name, I'll just mention briefly what it's all about. We had discovered a family who were so taken by the real acting Fonda family of Henry, Peter and Jane, that they are absolutely identified with them in their own minds. In other words they have such admiration for the real Fondas that they have begun to think that they are them and as such they have gone into a fantasy world where they think they are Henry, Peter and Jane.

Actually they look nothing like the Fondas. Henry the father is 62, Peter is 20 and now Jane, the last of this family, is 28. But the thing that makes the fake Fondas unique, and almost a medical matter, is that they think that they are like film stars and that women will come flocking to them if they behave like they think the real Fondas behave. For this reason they act out their fantasy world, and when they leave their work in the evening they completely change their personalities. They are different people. But the odd thing about this change of personality is that is has ensured unlimited sexual success for each of them and all told this family must have had sex with thousands of men and women.

Sex and fantasy are the things that rule their lives and when we interviewed them, one after another, it was clear that they are completely unashamed about this. They think that they are entitled to as much sex as they can get and of them all Jane is definitely the sexiest. Not that you would think so to look at. For unlike the really lovely real Jane Fonda in far away Hollywood our Jane is tall and blonde but is rather plain and has bad legs, something that I myself noticed and that has been commented on by almost everyone who had slept with her. But even with these physical defects she certainly gets her men, and here for the first time is her own true and uncensored story of how she gets them and what she likes to do with them..

We must point out that we may not completely agree with her but there is no denying that her story is true and that she is a completely sexual and amoral woman. But let her tell it in her own words and then judge for yourselves in this final chapter of the extraordinary story of the Fondas of Leicester, the strangest family in Britain.

'DO YOU KNOW THAT I GO TO WORK WITH RUBBER KNICKERS ON THEN I FINGER MYSELF IN THE LOO...''

"Well, you've met Henry and Peter, or Dad and Peter I suppose you would think of them as. I don't care or know what you think of them but if they have told you of their sex lives then you had better believe it. They never lie about sex, even though I know there are lots of people around here who are jealous of their amazing sexual success. But if you think that they are successful then you had better hear what I have to tell you. Because I was looking up my diary the other night and counting all the men I have slept with and I worked it out roughly at '2,581' and we'll make it '2,582' if you're willing when this interview is over.

You see, when I noticed that Dad and Peter were getting very hung up on the Fonda family in Hollywood I wondered what it was all about as both my father and Peter were suddenly very changed people. I mean Dad had hardly had any sex for years and then suddenly he had half the women of Leicester after him. Now look, I have no real illusions about what I look like. I know my faults. But I also know that since I modelled myself on Jane Fonda and since I came out of my shell I have had all these men. I'm just wild about sex and I just have to have any man that I fancy.

Some people think that I'm a whore, but that's not at all true. The thing is that I have never taken a penny in my life and I just wouldn't dream of it. All I am after is a world record for getting men and although they would probably never put it in the Guiness Book of Records, I'll bet you that I have had more men than Gordon Richards rode winners before very long. I just like to have them, but I will never have affairs. I have found that if you have a man and drop him dead cold the next time instead of thinking you are a slag he will follow you humbly like a dog. Men hate to think that they are refused by a woman and that's how I keep them to heel. No, you're wrong, I'm not being nasty, I'm just being practical about sex and about me.

Mostly I go for men who are in their forties or fifties. Not because I think that they are easy pickings but because I like the way that they screw. The trouble with young men is that they come off too soon. They are always too eager for it and then when they get it they hardly know what to do. Even the experienced young ones get like that, and you have to keep a tight rein on them. I hate it when a bloke throws his load off before I am ready to let him. You feel so let down and I have slapped a few for doing it. Sex should be for slow excitement and that's really what I like about older men – they can sit back and enjoy it.

I suppose you could say that I like to take the initiative as well. But I always make sure that the man gets his fun. I love men who look helpless, and when they think that they have no chance with me I give them a time and they are amazed. But they get hurt later when they want to make a big scene about it. I had a professor recently and I could see that he had wanted me for ages and ages. Just when he thought that he didn't have a chance I gave myself to him in a college room and he's never been the same since.

But usually I find that my greatest pleasure is to pick up a strange man and let him have me. When I say pick up, what I mean is that I let a man chat me up and make him think that he is actually doing better than he imagines. For some reason men are very flattered if they think that they are making you against your will, but actually I only sleep with the men that I want to sleep with in the first place. But once I have decided on a man then there is nothing that I won't do for him sexually, if he really wants it. I suppose I am kinky – I certainly feel like that most of the time, especially when I have rubber on. Do you know that I go to work with rubber knickers on, and then I finger myself in the loo whenever I like. Once I did it in a broom cupboard.

But the things that I'd like to tell you about are the men that I have slept with and there is one of them in particular. This chap was an actor, not a very young one either, and I met him down near the local theatre. As you may know there are some very good theatres in Leicester and this particular one which is the local rep is one of the best. But this night I was looking round and having a drink in the bar there, as very often you get some very nice and sexy middle-aged men there, when I felt that this bloke was looking at me. He was about 47, had dark hair and looked very distinguished, although he obviously knew it. But I never mind a man who knows that he's like that as they usually turn out to be very sexy in the end. The thing that I liked about this one was, that when I looked back at him instead of turning his eyes away he looked at me even more and he had a kind of dirty old man look about him that I found exciting. So I stared him out and when my glass was empty I wagged it slowly about to signal I wosldn't mind if I did. He took the hint and was over to me with a similar drink in a second or two.

He said that he was an actor and that he had seen me sitting alone and that he thought I might be lonely. I said that it depended on what he meant by lonely, and he smiled at me as though I knew just what he was talking about. He was a real type alright and I could feel his eyes going right through my clothes and trying to undress me with them. Now that's the kind of thing that I like, and I felt very regal and tall, just like Jane. He chatted away for a while more and then he asked me to meet him after the show. I said that I would have to see, but I really knew that I would. So I was there when it was all over and he took me back to his flat which was out beyond King Richard's Road.

It was a creaky sort of place and just the sort that you might expect an actor to have. I wouldn't have said that he was all that successful. But he was okay in the lolly department and the place was clean. He made some coffee and we had another drink and then I told him of my interest in Jane Fonda, in fact that I thought that I was Jane Fonda. He didn't say anything but went to a bookshelf and then he handed me this lovely big book all about her films. It was the nicest thing that he could have given me and I almost cried with pleasure. Then he sat down on the sofa beside me and handed me another drink. He quietly put his hand on my knee and I left it there. Do you like to have it very often, he asked me, and I told him that I couldn't get enough of it. Will I do, he asked, and I nodded. Kinky, are you, he asked, and again I nodded. And then we had this lovely talk all about kinky sex and he told me that he loved to go to the seaside and watch the girls changing into their swimsuits or to lie in London parks and try to see up girls dresses. He was a really dirty old man, but there was something nice about him as well.

Anyway, after talking for what seemed like hours it was time for some action. Usually it's me who has to take action with old men but this chap was his own man from the very start. I've wanted someone like you for a long time, he said, and then he asked me to come to bed with him for a kinky evening. I told him that that would be it, just once, and that I rarely if ever slept with a man twice. He said that he didn't care and that there was something special that he had wanted to try out with someone, but that he had never met anyone yet who would do it with him.

I said that I would be game for most things and he smiled and said that he wondered. Then he went to this wardrobe and took out two complete rubber wet-suits, the sort of things that you use for underwater diving. They were both black and they looked a bit sinister-like, lying there. Then I noticed that he had cut a hole in the bottom of one of them and that there was a slash in the front of the other one. He said that he had a real liking for rubber and I said that I did too. And that was it.

He sat on the bed and watched me strip

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for him. I made it as slow and sexy for him as I could, and as I took off each thing I would throw it to him and make him smell it. When it came to my panties he buried his nose in them and was taking great sucks of air in as though he was smelling a big garden. Then he put them away and it was his turn to get undressed. Men of his age are usually a bit shy about undressing, but he was completely at ease, and soon his clothes lay in a pile at the end of the bed. Then we got into the wet-suits.

The smell of the rubber was lovely and there was something very sexy about the chilliness of the suit. It fitted me very well, and when it was completely on me I went over to the mirror to have a look. As you know I am very tall and the suit made me look really something. I turned round and there he was. And this time in his hand he had a pair of goggles. He put them on and then he said that when it was my turn to screw him I could wear them.

We climbed on to the bed and then our bodies, or rather our suits met for the first time. There was this really great smell of rubber that almost sent me wild, and I grabbed for the mounds of flesh that were his balls showing through the suit. The moment I touched them he began to foam slightly at the mouth from sheer excitement, and he clutched me to him so that I could feel his body and while we were holding on I was tickling and stroking the rubbery surface that was his cock and his balls.

Then I slipped my hand into the small slash and there was the real thing. He had a really great hard on, and even when I looked at his eyes to see if I could make out what he was feeling the goggles hid them from sight, and I had to imagine that he really liked it. Then I drew out his penis and looked at it. It was long but not very thick, but it looked as though he could use it. I was determined to put that to the test.

I moistened my fingers in my mouth and then slipped them over his penis top. The slight greasiness of my fingers slid against the knob and I could feel him shiver with pleasure at this contact. I gave him a few small pulls just to stiffen it completely, and I let go it it and reached down to where the hole in the wet-suit was. I pushed my fingers up and encountered the rather long blonde hairs on my quim. I teased them out through the opening and when they were out I pushed in one finger and gave my fanny a small wriggle with it. Immediately there was a welcome gout of juice and I let it roll down the gleaming thighs of the rubber suit. The moment he saw this his cock gave a start and he came for me. With his cock in his hand,

naturally!

I lay down on the bed for him and he mounted me. There was something very exciting about having a man with a rubber suit and goggles on top of me, and even though it was very kinky there was nothing bizarre or sadistic about it. I let him tickle my quim for a minute with the rubber suit and then his cock got in to me and I could feel the thing touching me up with its head, a bit like a mole coming up out of the ground. He was really excited now and the funny thing was that the glass of the goggles misted over and I had to wipe them for him. But there was nothing misty about his cock, and when the foreskin rolled back from the lip of my quim, and I felt the hot entry of his tool, I knew that this cock was a very naughty fellow indeed.

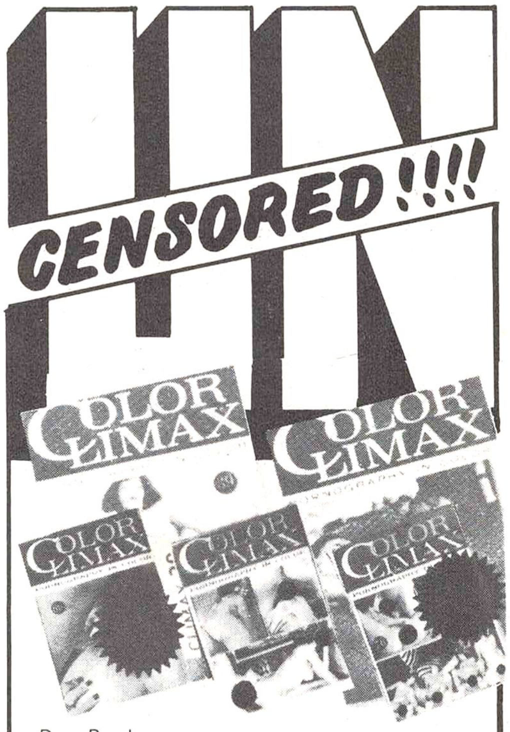
In and in it went, and all the time I could see the goggles and the hint of eyes behind them. He looked very sinister like that, but the smell and the feel of the rubber was driving us both on and when his cock went properly into me I felt as though my entire pussy was being attacked by rubbery sensations. His cock was long and fruity, and when he took it out to rush it back in again he did it so hard that I slid along the bed each time as the rubber made it ungrippable. But I didn't mind that much, and while he was screwing me, I was touching him up in every way that I could think of. I liked tweaking his nipples through the rubber, and I think that I must have hurt them a bit, as there was no way in which I could get much idea of what he might be feeling.

His glasses misted up again but this time because he was almost ready to come. Whenever I know that a man is ready to come it makes me excited as well and I felt my insides turn to water. His motions were faster and faster now and his thin cock was slipping and sliding in and out of me. And then after one very good thrust his cock didn't come out any more and there was a great pressure against me and the poor sod was shagging his load into my mess. I took his spunk with a vengeance, and when he had finished and was lying on me panting that he had never had it so good, I took off his goggles and took his penis out of me as well. I'm strange like that but I don't like to have a man's cock in me when he has come. I like it out where I can see it.

After a while as his cock grew stronger again with a lot of help from me, I got on top of him and this time I had the goggles which gave me a sense of kinky power over him. I held him down while I got hard on top of him, and when he was up in me again I quite literally got him going in such a way and at such a speed that he just had to come off when I wanted him to. It was a violent but sexy screw, and when that one was over I saw that he had had about as much as he could take. I was a bit disappointed by this as I had really hoped for a very long night of it, but there was nothing that I could do about it. If a man has shot his load then he has, and there is no way that you can make him do otherwise.

Now he was just one of the many men that I have been to bed with. And again he wasn't the strangest either. But I suppose you could say that he was typical. I make no bones about it, I like men, and I love sex, and even though I can't get all the ones that I want ever since I realised that I was like Jane Fonda in mind and body and in most ways, I have never lacked them. And that goes for the whole family, too."

And that was the last of the fabulous Fondas of Leicester. I think you will agree that they are certainly the strangest and sexiest family that you will ever meet. I know that I liked them, and in case you are wondering, I have become as she offered – number 2,582!



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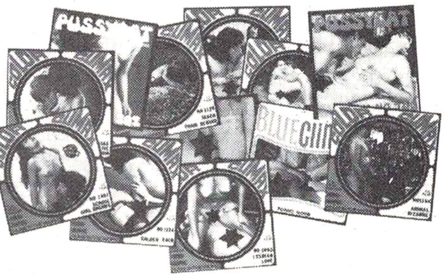

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SUSIE

A VERY PERSONAL SECRETARY

Susie at nineteen was a very efficient personal secretary. Her boss was only twenty-five, single, and the products the firm marketed were – ladies undies...

I passed out of finishing school, a swish place in Switzerland, when I was seventeen I left the place a virgin. At home, my parents were very choosy about my social life and by the time I started my very first job as an audio typist in a firm of fashion designers, I was still a virgin. I was not exactly prim or priggish – my parents were always lecturing me about waiting for the 'right man' to come along. By the time I was halfway through the first year of my first job I had not even seen a man come – whether he was the right man or not. I knew all about men – I mean, what they did and what they did to girls and what girls could do to and with them, but I just did not seem ever to have a chance of finding out from first-hand experience. My parents had told me they expected me to stay with them until I was at least twenty one. Since they were very good to me and very well off I felt it was a fair deal. After all – there would be plenty of time for sex and all that

later in life. So I applied myself to my job. But the firm went out of business and I had to apply for another one.

Because I am tall and slim and attractive and speak well and have a pleasant personality (I am told all this) I very soon landed another job in the fashion world. This time, however, the fashion designing and point-of-sale product was, of all things, girls underwear – from knickers to girdles to bras to garterbelts to tights and stockings and erotic G-strings, peephole bras, crotchless tights and drawers, slips and petticoats – both mini and maxi.

People do not believe it but the biggest designers – and the most successful too – of feminine undies are men. Men design female outer clothing such as dresses, suits, shirts, hats, coats and so on – so it should follow that they design undies as well. Which is absolutely the situation. They do.

Peter Fleming, my boss, was introduced to me at a party. He had just successfully launched his undie fashion house complete with small theatre for undie fashion shows to buyers from all over the world. Peter Fleming's Panties were becoming household names and he already had six shops in London and several others in the main Provincial cities as well as in Paris and Brussels. Peter and I got on very well from the start. He is twenty-six – twenty-five when I first met him at his launch party. Tall and well built and dark – with a film-starish face and a great deal of genuine masculine sex appeal and no trace of femininity about him which one might possibly have looked for in a young man interested in feminine underwear.

My parents met him and there was this offer to become his personal and private secretary at a

salary twice what I had had at the first job. My parents fully approved and I was eighteen when I started with him one year ago. I have a small but very beautifully furnished and equipped office of my own adjoining his and the door of my office opens onto his office. For the first six months I typed all his business letters and interviewed models for him and for his fashion theatre and accompanied him on trade visits all over England and everything was too proper and respectable for words. Although masturbation in my bedroom at home with a vibrator had broken me in – I was still a virgin in that I had never yet had a man up me – much less a man's finger when I joined Peter's firm. I bought and read a number of sex books unbeknown to my unpermissive parents and managed to get some porn photos of men and women having it away in various forms so I knew all about the erectile properties of the male prick, its average size and its ejaculating function called coming. And, of course, through lots of very pleasant practice in bed by myself, I had learnt all about the joys of the female orgasm which I would indulge in in a variety of ways like using my fingers and the vibrator or rubbing myself over a pillow as if I was on top of a man. My orgasmic rate was very high – I could come for quite ten minutes most of the time, whatever I was doing to myself. I met many youths and young men at parties and had ample opportunities for being asked home to pads for sex fun but I felt that it was necessary for me to start to feel really curious about a man – to wonder what he looked like in his underthings and stark naked and with an erection before I would be prepared to go to bed with him or in fact to have sex in a car, for instance, or in the grass in a field

or even up against a doorway.

It was after I had been working for and with Peter that I began to realise I was definitely getting interested in Peter sexually – the first-ever man I had felt this way about. For instance, when he was in the office dressed in tight, freshly laundered light blue jeans and a white open-necked shirt I would watch him as he bent down over his desk and showed the sharp outline of his small briefs under the smooth tight material. That began to send a little thrill through me and I would imagine his white, naked bottom under the jeans and his briefs almost covering it – almost – for the outline under his trousers was always so small that I knew he must be wearing very small hipster briefs. When he would stand in front of my desk in his jeans or a pair of white linen trousers he often wore at the office, I would be absolutely compelled to stare at his zip and see the attractive bulge that gave away his shape and sometimes it looked bigger than at other times. And I looked at his bare, smooth chest inside an open shirt and when be bent down to sign letters at my desk I often saw his nipples inside his shirt and saw he had no hairs.

All this began to obsess me in due course and I would dream of him in bed at night and look forward to seeing him again the next day. Inevitably I found myself starting to dress to attract him – short skirts and dresses, a bit more cleavage than usual so that he, too, could look down my neckline and see my bare breasts for I took to being braless on warm summer days. One day I went to the office in stockings and garterbelt – knowing that the form of my suspenders would show up under my thin short dress and I hoped this would excite him and make him wonder how much bare thigh there was

between my stocking tops and the elastic legs of my knickers. I also wore very small hipster knickers with lacy legs so that the shape of them would show up over my bottom like his did over his bottom. I was, of course, becoming sexually in love with him and fantasies of him started to people my masturbation sessions in my bedroom.

One day – one beautiful sunny hot day, he came into my office and opened a small box – the type of box all our undies were packed in for customers. He took out from the tissue wrapping a pair of tiny white drawers – absolutely exquisite in a high-cut leg design with tiers of pale pink lace like sugar icing and wide wide legs like a variation on the French knicker design. He told me this pair was a new design going into the shops that following week but that Miss Hemmings – the girl who usually modelled his underwear for trade buyers was away ill. Would I very much mind modelling them – together with the matching bra – in the theatre that afternoon? I would have to go downstairs to the theatre at three, go into the dressing room behind the small stage, undress, put the knickers on barelegged, no stockings or tights, and the bra as well, and when a little bell rang in the dressing room – just to walk on stage in the spotlights – turn around several times, walk up and down and generally pose prettily so that fifty trade buyers and agents in the small theatre would be able to see the ensemble and place orders for them. He himself would be in the audience and would tell me when I had posed enough. I would then go back through the curtains to the dressing room, take them off and join him at the bar at the rear of the theatre ready to take down details of orders for the new ensemble.

With a sudden quickening of my heartbeats as I looked at the incredibly pretty knickers and bra I agreed. He kissed me lightly on the cheek and went back into his office. It was nearly the lunch hour so I went out – leaving him pouring over papers at his desk. I went to a nearby pub instead of my usual restaurant – and had two good whisky macs and several sandwiches. At two I was back in my office and Peter was out – probably with some of the buyers before they assembled in the preview fashion theatre. That day I was wearing tights and was pleased because there would be no slight pink mark round my waist made by a garter belt and I was also braless so there would be no mark of my bra straps either, which would show since the bra I was to model was so small and slim that most of my back would be bare as well as my breasts.

By a quarter to three I was in the dressing room backstage and over the taped music in the theatre I could hear an ever-growing sound of men's voices – and women's too, as the small auditorium filled up. Alone in the dressing room, I stripped naked in front of three wall-to-ceiling mirrors – remade up at a small lighted dressing table and put on the wisp of a bra which barely held in my breasts and nipples. Then I pulled on the equally wispy knickers and was thrilled at the sight of my perfectly formed body and hips and bottom decorated with this beautifully inspired design by Peter. And then I felt sure that he had asked me to model them because he wanted an excuse to see what I looked like undressed – at long, long last. A little shiver of expectancy ran through me at the thought of walking and posing on the small stage in the soft glow of spotlights – in front of Peter – forgetting all about the other men and women there.

I combed out my ash blonde hair down to my shoulders and struck a few feminine poses with hands on hips and smoothing down my sides and jutting out my breasts and thrilled all over again at the thought that Peter was at last going to look at my lovely, creamy thighs and my slim naked waist and see my navel – and see the cheeks of my firm young bottom and see the slit clearly defined by the tiny, tight white knickers and see the vee of my cunt and the slit in front also clearly defined by the tight white material, a sort of very fine cambric, and see the high-cut laced legs of the knickers standing out all round my thighs and at my hips. Then the bell rang and I knew I was on. The taped music faded down slightly. I waited for a second or so then, pulling the curtains aside, I stood in the archway with both arms up still holding the curtains. I heard a whisper and an appreciative murmur hum round the little theatre as I stepped out onto the stage and into a pool of slightly pinkish light blending in with a powerful white spot shining full at me.

For the next few moments I walked gracefully up and down the stage, turning professionally and slowly round to give the audience a studied view of my lissom back, of my bottom fringed with the delicate ice pink lace and my slit cut into by the tight, gleaming white cambric. A few more poses and I turned to face absolute front, knowing that the vee-shaped knickers were accentuating the sensual vee of my own body and that my breasts were gently spilled out over the icepinked, frothed low cut bra. I held this pose for a moment then I heard Peter's warm voice from the almost invisible audience – 'Thank you very much Miss Greenways.' I turned and sauntered off in a most elegant fashion, the brilliant pink and white spots clicked off and I was back in the dressing room.

That was the beginning. I had gone to the bar and had joined Peter to his quiet congratulations and the noisy congratulations of the other men and women. Peter's new knickers had been a hit and the orders came from all sides for me to record. I had been a hit as well for no less than a dozen men took me aside and offered me a drink and tried to date me up. But it was Peter, in his office, one hour later, who made me realise the impact I had made – the only real impact that really mattered. I stood by his side as he sat at his desk and he put his hand up my short dress and felt my bare thighs. I had not put my tights on again. His warm hand felt all around my bottom – covered as it was by a tiny pair of stretch nylon yellow knickers. His hand went between my hot, damp thighs and I parted them for him. He told me he had wanted me for a long, long time but had been afraid to let me know. I told him, looking down at him as his hand crept inside my yellow knickers and a warm finger started to slide up into my wet cunt – I told him that I, too, wanted him – had wanted him for such a very very long time.

Half an hour later – with the office door locked, I was naked on the settee – he was naked in front of me, having stripped off an exciting pair of tiny black silk briefs – his cock, which I had so often masturbated to in my imagination – resplendantly large and long and thick and stiff and supported by a great pair of hairy, dark balls. His glistening knob was red with desire. I reached up and took it in my hand. He bent over me and I asked him to lower his body to my mouth. He did so and my hand folded round his hot white bottom as I opened my lips and he put his cock into my mouth. Gently propelling him back and forth with my hands on his bottom he started to tremble and his spunk started to spurt out into my mouth and down my throat. I came on the instant he did and while he was still coming he slipped a finger up into me and began to masturbate me. I was still frantically coming when he took his flaming cock out of my mouth – the white spunk still shooting gently out of it. We fucked after that, for Peter had enormous vitality and virility and all my masturbation fantasies about him came true.

Now we are to marry in the late autumn.

THE OFFICE PARTY

Can you remember your own Office Party, or maybe it was the Firm's 'Dinner and Dance'? Mine was tantastic, it brought about a great change in my life.

I had picked up my girl in a taxi – although I was only a member of the Junior Staff, I determined to do the thing in style – it was just before Xmas and the night was cold and damp.

Our Firm, like countless others, had decided that this great shindig was to be held at the Hotel "Leofric" in Coventry. The car parks were all around it, but the taxi dropped us right at the front entrance in Broadgate. We alighted slowly and I paid off the driver with what I thought was a grandiose gesture, and as he pulled away I pointed to the centre of the square where Lady Godiva sat on her white horse glistening in the lights from the street lamps. "Have you ever seen anything so beautiful"? I asked. My girl, Peggy, sniffed. "I bet she would feel cold if it wasn't a statue."

"If you were like that I wouldn't let you feel cold" I said suggestively. She sniffed again, I wondered why I bothered with her, she sniffed at everything, just as if she had a perpetual cold. She was cold too, the backs of my hands were sore with her slapping them away from her body when I tried my luck, but she was attractive too. Her figure was superb, but she certainly kept it to herself.

We made our way upstairs to the dance floor. I noticed that most of the men had gravitated to the bar in the corner and whilst Peggy was putting her imitation leopard skin coat in the cloakroom I had a quick snifter, just to get the taste of it. I had saved like mad for this night so money was no object. I found that I had time for another whiskey before she sailed like a queen into the room. I stared – the blouse she wore with her long skirt made many a man glance, lick his lips then frankly stare – for the only things that weren't showing were her nipples, there being no sign of a bra to cup those firm, gently bouncing globes. She looked like a queen alright, but she should have been called the Virgin Queen – at least to me.

Her eyes lit up as she looked around the room. Everyone was there from the Managing Director in his evening dress to the office juniors like myself with their pressed suits and bow ties worn only on occasions like this. Peggy smiled serenely around as though this party was held in her honour. I felt proud of her and thought wickedly that had I known she was going to wear a blouse like that, it would be easy to slip my hand down the front of that with no effort.

She drank Martinis as though she had been drinking them all her life. They seemed to have no effect on her at all whereas the whiskies that I had downed too quickly were making themselves known in my empty stomach.

We had a few dances before the main meal. It was just what my stomach craved for – Turkey and all the trimmings – but the best part of it was that facing Peggy across the snowy cloth I could see more of her breasts than I had ever seen, in fact, when she leaned to accept the salt from me, one thick nipple stood out proudly before my very eyes. The chap next to me choked over his forkful of food, and I noticed that he shifted in his seat as though his trousers were strangling him.

The meal over, tables cleared, we listened to the same old speech from the great man himself – he must have saved the same speech for years – it never varied… At last it was over and we now had the floor for the rest of the night. The bar was busy and as I stood waiting one of the shy demure little office girls said to me "Could you please get my drink, my friend has gone home, he has the flu. I told him that I would be alright on my own but he would insist on coming."

She was a pretty little thing. I had heard tales of how she could use her hands and bring a chap off whilst talking to him! I wondered if it was true. The more I drank the hornier I seemed to get and now I had a beauty. It must have shown to her for even whilst standing in that crowd she managed to find out the width and length of me. I was hard. I wished that I had brought her instead of Peggy, the taxi ride home would be more enjoyable! Talk of the Devil – here she was! "Get me a double," she ordered, "this Martini seems to have been watered." I knew that this was impossible, she had never had one before tonight, but was just showing off in front of the other girl.

I was pleased to see one of my colleagues waiting for her to dance with him. Now I could concentrate on this freshfaced young girl who had been so interested to find out if I was well-endowed or not. The dance had just started so I thought that I would have a little time to spare. I asked her if she had seen the other bar in the Hotel – and being downstairs, I thought we might find a corner outside where we could continue where she had left off. She apparently hadn't, so, quickly taking her arm and throwing a glance to where Peggy was teasing my friend with the sight of her bare breasts, I lead the way downstairs.

The other bar was quiet, so quiet that we found a seat in one of the many alcoves where it was almost impossible to be seen. I slipped my arm about her as soon as we sat with the drinks in front of us, her small breasts seemed to fit my hands perfectly, and when I sought her nipples through the thin material of her dress I wasn't in the least bit surprised to find them hard, almost as hard as myself, for at once her hand had slipped down under the table and expertly freed me from my pants – I was out in her hand before I could blink! It must have been true of her prowess at the '5 finger exercise' – she had me boiling at once – I could feel the juices bursting to get out. I couldn't stand too much of her expertise without having to go home to change, so reluctantly had to call a halt! After a couple of drinks we decided to go back to the party, I then tried to date her for the next night but she shook her head. "My boyfriend will be still in bed so I will have to go and sit with him."

She would have been in bed with me if I had been in his place, not sitting by the side!

On the way upstairs I found a door partly open, it was a large broom cupboard. She had just got a couple of paces past it when I spotted it. I dragged her in and closed the door, my fingers were up her dress before the door had closed, she was soaking, her panties had folded into her maidenly crease, but not for long. I had them past her knees before she had time to unzip me.

My fingers made squelchy sounds as they dived between the open lips, but try as I did, she wouldn't let me fill her with my solid flesh, anything but that. She pressed against me so close that I lay on her bare stomach, the tip almost in her navel. In vain I bent my knees to come up under her – she bent her knees also to keep me in the same position. I was throbbing away there, contemplating how much damage would I cause if I let myself go on her stomach, when suddenly she shuddered, her breathing sounded loud in that confined space and for one moment she relaxed – that was all I needed – my hands went behind her, parted the cheeks, lifted her up slightly and dropped her right onto my rearing flesh. She was taken so completely by surprise that she just stood there. I was half-way in before she moved, she tried to struggle but only made it possible for me to immerse myself up to my pubic hair.

I thought in one panicstricken moment that she might scream, but she didn't, her hands went around my waist and she rocked herself slightly up and down. As her back was against the wall it made it easier for both of us when she lifted her legs to my waist, I pressed closer and that really made her cry out. "Don't let it go," she cried, "I'm not on the Pill, for God's sake be careful."

That put me off a bit, but manfully carried on jerking against that soft stomach. She must have felt me throbbing long before I did, for she suddenly pushed me away, her hand took the place of her wet lips and she only rubbed twice, directing the stream against the wall beside her. I'll bet the cleaner next day wondered what it was that had stained the wall! If she does happen to read this, my apologies, but it saved me from worrying at a later date.

We went into the dance hall separately. It was a good job we did, for Peggy was standing glowering at me when eventually she did come in, she was just saying: "And where the Hell have you been, my glass has been empty for ages." Whether she smelt the scent of sex on me I will never know, but suddenly she said: "You have been with another girl haven't you, you look as guilty as Hell!"

I grinned back at her, "Oh yes, I've just been giving an exhibition on screwing in the middle of Broadgate," then took my place at the bar. "A whiskey and a half pint of Brew Eleven please," I told the barman. Peggy frowned "You don't drink Brew Eleven."

"It's for you my dear," I smiled sweetly, "You said that Martinis are too weak for you so I'm not wasting any more money on them!"

She turned on her heel and left me holding the two drinks and went to the table where my friend was, and sitting down, she teased him with her boobs. It wasn't long before the poor sod was buying Martinis for her – he grinned as he passed me – "No hard feelings old man, but Peggy has asked me to take her home after the dance."

I laughed delightedly (to his amazement), "Carry on old son, be my guest, in fact you can have her, but one word of warning, keep your gloves on, she is the original Ice Maiden." That was the last time I even glanced in their direction, my companion from the broom cupboard had heard all the conversation and said quietly "I have no one to take me home, and as for tomorrow night, well, I never fancied sitting by anyone's bedside, not this time of the year in any case, there are too many parties to go to."

Either the spirits were too strong or I had had too many, at any rate by the time I was ready for phoning for a taxi I was pissed. I went into the kiosk to phone for one, someone dragged me out, again I walked in, put some money in the box on the wall, again I was thrown out, dimly I could hear women screaming, and as I went back to get my money from the box on the wall, I heard one of our office girls say "You can't come to the Ladies without being followed!"

Jenny, the girl I was taking home, phoned for a taxi and went to get her coat. I fell down the steps to get to the foyer, the fresh air revived me enough to spot the car with its roof sign lit, I climbed in, a burly chap sat in the back roughly put me out. I protested and tried to climb in again. Again I was put out, but this time landed with the seat of my trousers on the wet pavement. Dimly I heard him laugh and say "Shall we lift him Bill?" I hoped he would – my trousers were now wet at the back, but instead, the car started up then moved off. I peered at the lit sign on the roof. Who the Hell spells TAXI with a P and O and L and I and C – I couldn't make out the last letter – the car had turned a corner!

Another black car pulled up with a sign on the roof. I asked the driver how he spelt TAXI. This one knew so I told him to

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Even in the state I was in, my trousers stretched as soon as she put her hand down on my lap, again she had me out in the open, gently pulling the whole of me through her palms. Sliding my own fingers up her dress I was surprised to find that her little bush was bare. "They were wet," she whispered, "they are in my bag." So of course, nothing stopped me from having a 3 fingered hand!

We hadn't far to go, my place was first so I paid the driver, his nose wrinkled as he looked at the damp pound note I gave him. I noticed he kept it separate from his other money. "Dirty Sod" I thought, then led her up our path to the house.

"You can stay the night here." I told her when she asked how she was getting home. "My sister is away from home, you can have her bed – you could have mine, with me, but my mother is so strait-laced about things like that."

She phoned her mother, just saying that she was spending the night as a friend's. "It's alright Mum, I heard her say, "I can look after myself, I'm alright, there is no one here but my friend and I."

That said friend at that moment had his fingers deep inside her whilst she was talking. Putting the phone down she turned to me smiling, then delved into her handbag, a small packet appeared, and she opened it saying, "I bought these from another machone on the wall in the back of the bar downstairs. I don't fancy having my stomach soaked!" I nearly filled the thing as she rolled it over my flesh, it was only sheer will-power that kept the inside dry.

I don't really like the things, I prefer to ride bare-backed, she smiled as I told her this and said, "If we are to go steady, I'd better get on the Pill – it will cut down on expenses." This was no Ice Maiden and she proved it twice more that night. I enjoyed it even with the extra skin, and after the packet had been burnt in the grate, I thought, "That's my lot." But surprisingly after sitting next to her on the settee, her breast in one hand, the the other out of sight under her dress, she suddenly said: "Oh what the Hell!" and lying back, pulled me back on top of her.

This one was by far the best, I felt every fold of her wrap around me, and felt every little tremor that shook her body. I was sober now, or very nearly so, the sweat had got rid of the drink. I slid in this well-greased place, it was as though we had been made for each other now that restricting clothes were out of the way, it was skin to skin, the first time in my life. Her legs were over my shoulders this time, she was wide open and defenceless to my assault, but the way her inner lips sucked at my virility it was a very welcome assault. The moans that came from deep in her throat as her body twitched and writhed would have to be heard to be believed, it was like some caged wild animal trying to escape. I felt her shuddering again and again, her ankles around my neck nearly choked me, I tried to pull away as I felt myself surging, but she wouldn't let me, instead she just sucked greedily at my precious fluids.

My mother was a little surprised to find a strange girl in our house, but said to me later, "I like Jenny, she seems more your type of girl than that Peggy, she always seemed too forward, this one is more refined and ladylike."

We are going to another party next week, but I've warned my friends to keep off!

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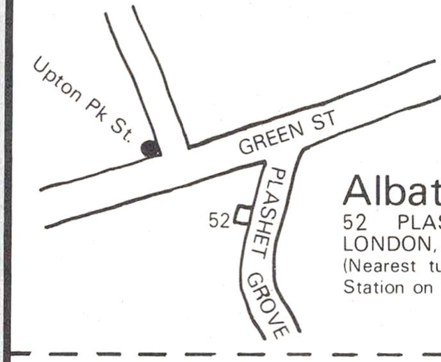

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MARY MILLINGTON IN WOLVERHAMPTON

WHERE SHE MEETS SPEEDY GONZALES – ENGLISH STYLE

There's an awful lot of talk nowadays about the so-called minority sports. You know the sort I mean: yachting, roller derby, frisbee and so forth. In other words the sports that are followed by a minority of people as opposed to the blockbuster sports like football and horse racing. The big boys appear to have it all their own way, but let me tell you that what they may have in size and numbers they lack in devotion. For there is nothing to bring out the fanatic in people like being a follower of a minority sport – and more especially a minority sport that is on the way up.

Now before I went up to Wolverhampton recently I had never heard or thought much of speedway. For those of you with sawdust between your ears, speedway is a sport where motor-bikes race round a track chucking cinders, dirt and clinkers in all directions. But the riders are like gods to their fans, and the fans seem to enjoy getting muck all over their faces and all in all, although there are a lot of women at these meetings, it's a man's sport. And where there are men there is usually Millington, panting for more.

I had gone up there recently to model for a well-known club in the city centre. A camera club where they also make stag movies and some right torrid times were had by all by the time that I had finished. We started off with simulated sex but by the time that the session had gone on a bit we all got very excited and I found that I was acting out the part of my life and that I was really getting screwed along with the girl who was my partner in the filming. But then sex movie-making is very much like that and you find that the longer these shooting sessions go on the more sexy they become and I have rarely been at one where there wasn't a great deal of sex and hard sex going on. The models are the worst as they tend to get so carried away what with the naked bodies, and the heat from the lights and the nearness to one another, that they get really turned on and most times the cameramen will join in at the very finish. On this occasion the girl I was shooting the film with was a blonde like me, and we were very hectic after a time.

She came from Wolverhamp-

ton and her name was Freda. She was about 21 and she had very big boobs that I rather envied and long legs, the kind that men whistle after. She knew she was good looking, but she was a very friendly bi-sexual girl with a very male streak to her as well. But unlike a lot of bi-sexual girls she liked men as much as girls, and when the session was over and we were dressing she suggested that instead of going back to London that evening I should have a night on the town in Wolverhampton and stay at her flat.

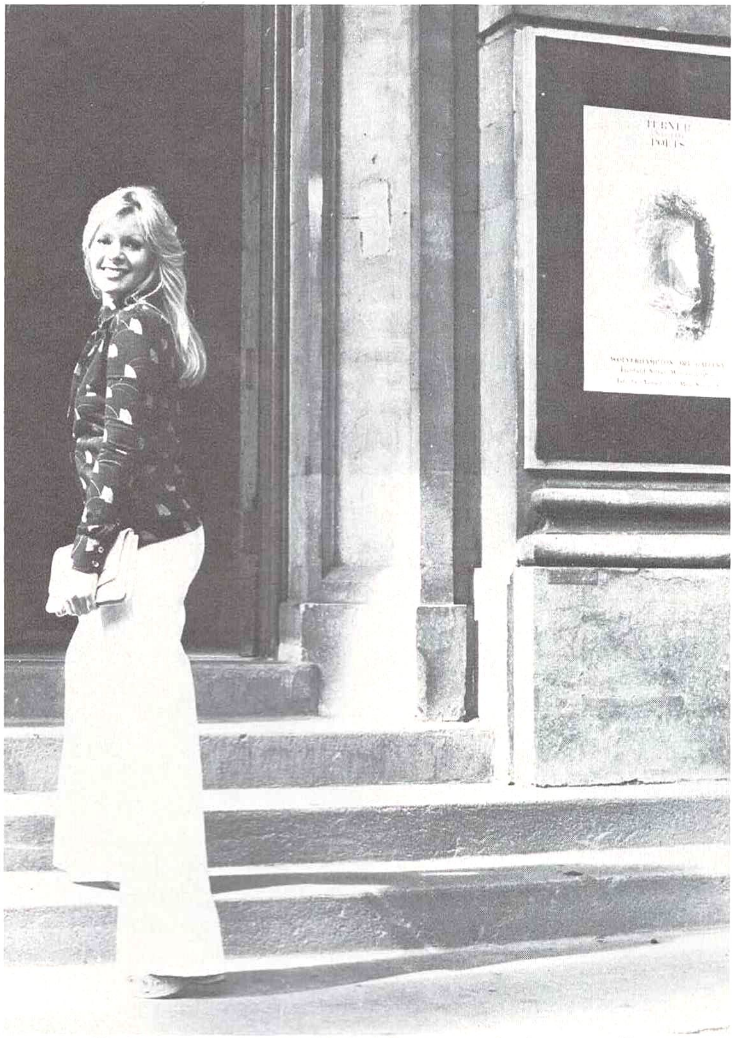
I thought this was an excellent idea, as I was rather tired after the strenuous sex we had had, and I didn't really fancy the train trip back to London. So I got my things together and she took me to her flat which was somewhere near Tattenhall Road, out on the other side of town. It was a nice, white-walled place with lots of personality to it, rather like herself. We got undressed when we got there, had a lovely mutual shower and then made love for a short time in the shower stall. Then a quick shower again to get the sex juice off our legs and thighs and muffs and we got dressed. After that I felt ready for anything.

I asked her what we were going to do and was a bit surprised when she said that we

were going racing. I didn't think that they had racing at night at that time of year but then she corrected me by saying that she meant speedway racing. All those lovely leathery-looking chaps who drove their bikes round the track like billyo and who looked like traffic cops gone wrong. Well, I had never been to a speedway meeting so I thought that at least this was something different, and I got myself together and off we went to this stadium in Wolverhampton where the racing was held.

Now I have said that speedway was a minority sport, but actually it is very much on the increase and for that reason when I got to the stadium it was absolutely packed. Almost everyone seemed to be talking about motor-bikes and the various teams that were racing against each other. I won't go into the details of the racing but I'll just say that when those bikes revved up and when the starting tape went up, the animal roar of those massed bikes sent a real charge through my body – a sexual feeling that I know too well.

The meeting was great and while we were watching Freda had to go to the loo and I was left on my own. While I was standing there watching the riders roar by in a cloud of spray with their steel-capped boots sending waves of dirt in the air at every bend, a bloke beside me gripped my arm, his face contorted with excitement. "Aren't they just great?" he yelled at me over the noise. I nodded dumbly and shook his hand off my arm. Just then the race ended and the roar became a hum and one could talk normally without having to roar and yell. I turned to the bloke but he had got in first.



"Me, wondering if this might be my lucky town."

"I'm sorry," he said with quite a charming smile, "I guess that I get carried away with myself when I come to these meetings. The thing is that I am speedway crazy, and I just lose all my marbles when they're actually on the track." He smiled again and I forgave him.

Just then Freda came back and saw who I was talking to. "Bill," she cried and it turned out that she knew him quite well. She introduced us, and for the rest of the meeting we watched the racing together. Bill was quite a character, and was jumping up and down as he watched each race with a face like a two-year-old. His enthusiasm was quite infectious, and when the meeting finally ended and we all trooped out he had to go to the loo and I had a chance to talk to Freda about him. What she said surprised and interested me.

She said that he was one of the sexiest blokes around and that he had a cock that was just huge. He didn't look all that much, but he was so well-hung that he had half the girls moaning for him, and she herself knew him as Speedy Gonzales, not because he was speedway-mad but because when she herself had gone to bed with him a couple of times she found that he had a great natural talent for screwing and then getting erect again in a hurry. He wasn't a stayer, but he could come and come and come. That set me thinking and you can guess what about.

When Bill came back he flashed that slightly cheeky smile again, and when he suggested a couple of drinks we came along for the fun, and there was to be plenty of that. Freda was obviously thinking along the same lines as me, and when we were chatting away she mentioned that I wrote for the magazine. Then the penny dropped and he gaped at me, which was very flattering. "Crikey you are that Mary Millington," he said and I nodded. Naturally after that the talk turned to sex and Freda made it all official by asking him back to the flat after a huge wink at me. In Freda I had found a girl after my own heart and whether Bill knew it or not two scheming females were going to monopolise his tool for the rest of the night.

Soon after we got back to the flat, and got ready for a quick meal. While Freda was doing the cooking, funny how all girls north of Watford seem to like cooking, he started to chat me up, asking me about my sex life, and if the stuff I wrote was something that had really happened. And was it true that I was a real swinger who would sleep with any guy if I really fancied him. I told him that it was indeed true, and that I just liked sex and if I fancied a man then I would certainly sleep with him. He asked me if I fancied him, and I replied that what did he think he was invited back here for? His eyes opened and he said "with both of you?" and I nodded.

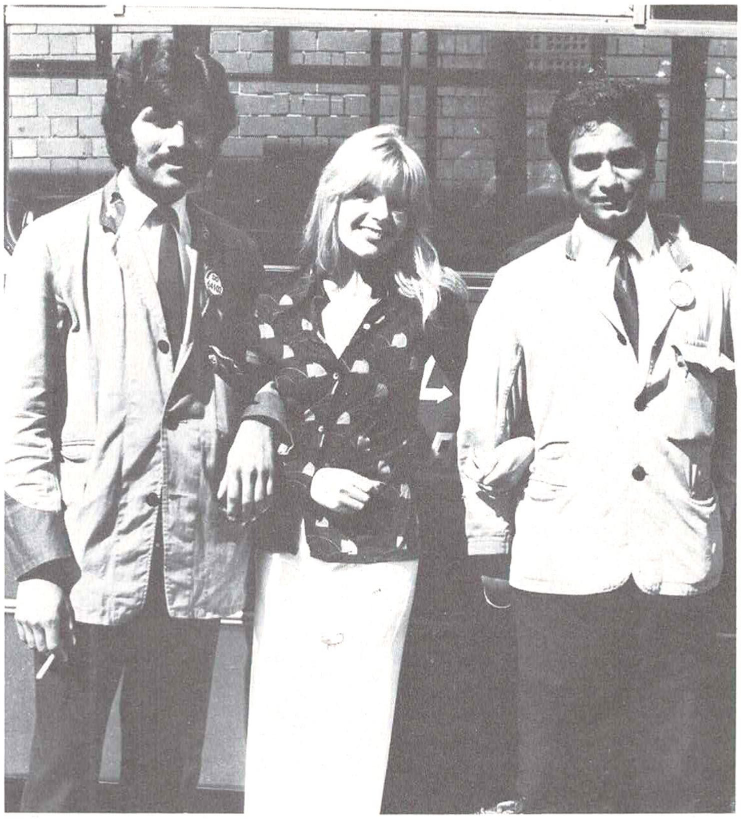
Freda came in with the grub, which was sensible grub and plenty of it. All through the meal he kept looking at me and he could hardly wait to finish off the food. I'm sure that he must have had a tremendous hard on, and just to keep him going I deliberately delayed my eating and dragged it out. I wanted Speedy to be in prime condition when our starting tapes went up! Eventually we finished and I washed up, being a homely soul at heart and then we were ready for him.

He was standing in the middle of the room talking to Freda with his back to me. I tiptoed up behind him and wrapped my arms round him. Then I told Freda to open up his fly and tell me what she saw. Bill was as stiff as a poker as I held him, and Freda reported that he was stiff out at front as well. Then the two of us actually carried him into the bedroom and threw him on the bed. We told him to lie there and be a good boy, and we started to do this slow strip for him to drive him nuts.

Freda had a natural talent for taking off her clothes and would have a mint had she ever become a stripper. She knew that her big boobs were very sexy, and she made the most of them stroking and holding them and sometimes licking them so that they gleamed with the wet spit that her tongue left there. They really were great saucy boobs and with those long legs of hers she had it all going for her. Bill was trying to get out of his pants while we were stripping, and when I saw his wobbler for the first time I had to repress a shiver of anticipation. It was a real big john he had down there and I wanted to throw myself on it like a suicide and get it right in me. But in sex, as in most things, patience is a virtue, and I concentrated on exciting him with my body, as did Freda.

Finally we were stripped and we got into bed with Bill in between us. He was so bewildered by the respective expanses of flesh that he hardly knew which one of us to do first, but we solved the problem for him by massaging and playing with his body. He was the lean and wiry type but he had a good firm body and I got the usual thrill of excitement when I slid the flat of my hand over his perfectly developed stomach, with the ridges of hard lean muscle taut across them. Freda was ahead of me, though, and already her hand was where it mattered – right on his huge cock that was pulsing with blood and semen, gorged with the stuff by the look of it, I should think.

Her hand played with the smooth surface of the tool and every time she touched it it would give a shudder and then there would be a spasm right through it that would lift it up a bit from his flat belly and then down it would go again. I am fascinated by cocks, and love to play with them, and I felt very



"I like being a cream sandwich!"

excited as a tiny bead of semen came to the top of the penis and stayed there. Freda bent down and her tongue darted out and she licked it off him. He shook with sex as she did so, and he grabbed her and turned away from me as he tried to mount her. But I pulled him off and together we piled on top of him and there was a really massive groping session as we all got down to the nice but hard work of sexing each other up. There was nothing but boobs and arms and legs, and right in the middle somewhere was that great big cock of his. The only trouble was that every time I touched it I seemed to find sly Freda's hand there already. She was really working his cock to death. It got so bad that we had to get off him and then Freda said that as I was the guest I could have him first. But I get quite a kick out of watching someone else do it so I let her go first. She didn't need all that much telling…

As I have said his cock was very big, and when she raised it up so that she could squat on it I saw that it was really a lot bigger than I had previously imagined. There was a network of large veins right through and the central vein, the one at the back, was like an iron rod into which semen had been poured like concrete. I stroked it for him while she busied herself liquifying her quim with her fingers and soon she was ready. Her long legs were humped together as she knelt there above him and she began her descent to the pleasure point.

The penis stayed outside her for a minute, and she moved her crotch over it, tickling the knob top with her quim flap that hung redly down. As she did so he began to get very excited, and she lowered herself slowly on top of the knob. I could actually hear it forcing its way up through her pussy and there was a real stench as the cock and the pussy met together. That sort of fishy smell that you get after you have either put semen on your hands or wiped a pussy with them. It's a smell that I actually like, even though at first it is rather bitter and sour. It hung in the air round the pair of them, as they clung together with her big body on his.

But I was getting a bit frustrated just looking at what they were doing and I decided to get a bit of fun for myself. I climbed on to his chest, and began to play with her boobs while facing her. They were incredibly big and heavy, and even though they flopped a little they were so big and round that it didn't matter much. They were very warm, and the aureoles round the nipples were that soft purple colour that only girls with really big breasts seem to have. I could hear Speedy labouring beneath me and he was jerking up against her as hard as he could. She was loving the feel of his huge cock up in her and I could hardly wait for him to come so that I could get on that lovely big cock of his and show him what I could do.

But Speedy lived up to his name fully, and after only a couple of minutes he started to come. His wiry body showed surprising strength as his bubble burst and he managed to heave us both up in the air with the force of the toss-off. Freda turned scarlet with excitement and she too seemed to have a small climax. But it was quite a while before Speedy's semen-come had exhausted itself, and then Freda got off him and massaged her fanny which was sore because of the size of his cock in her. I left her to it and I took his limp tool in my hand and breathed life back into it.

When I started to suck it there was that sharp smell of the fresh semen and her quim material on it. But that didn't bother me at all and I just stuck it in my mouth. There is something very odd about putting a limp penis in your mouth. The effect and sensation is nothing like as pleasant as having a hard one in there, but when it had been there for a while and my tongue was darting round the eye of the knob, life flooded back to it and soon that cock started to swell in my mouth and in no time at all there was a really lovely big hard in there that made me yearn in my guts for it between my legs. No sooner said than done and I took his rigid penis out of my mouth and prepared to have some proper play with that cock of his. It was something that I'd been waiting for for some time and there is nothing to make your fanny water more than waiting for a good poke from a very big tool. And Bill, or Speedy, or whatever you may care to call him was certainly equipped with just the right dimensions to gladden the sex-hole of any woman. So I grabbed him and we were off.

Unlike Freda I didn't want to have to get up on top of him. I don't know if most people are like this but I find that if a man has a very big penis I get more pleasure out of having him get on me. You see, when I am sitting on a man's penis there isn't all that much thrust that he can give you. But when he is on top of you he is really able to give you a lusty prod and in this case the wiry and strong body of Bill, combined with his long thick penis, was just the right thing. Bill was destined to screw me. But knowing that he was prone to coming off so fast I decided that it would be best if he gave me a good fingering first so that I would be nice and ready for him, and even if he came off too soon I would still get satisfaction from him.

He climbed up on me and spread my legs apart. Instead of screwing me he began to tease my muff – something I am very fond of – and to tickle the insides of my thighs, something that drives me cuckoo with lust. The penis was standing straight up against his belly and even though I desperately wanted to stroke it I couldn't for fear of bringing him off too quickly. So I just lay there and let him pleasure my cleft with his fingers which deftly rummaged inside my quim causing it to emit juice which trickled down my golden thighs and excited him.

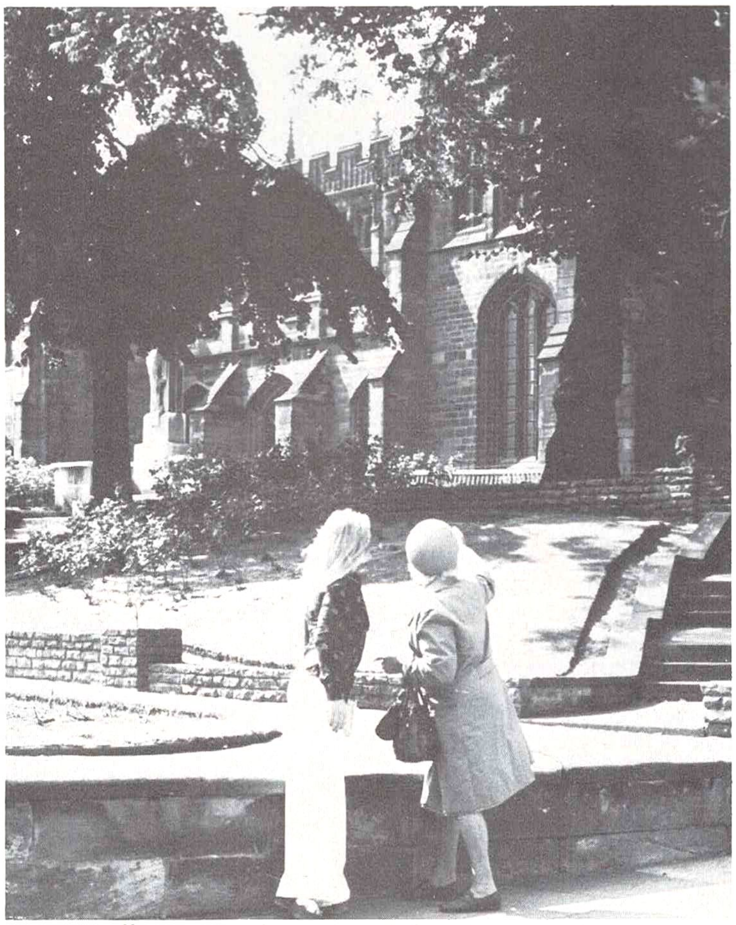
Now he was getting very flushed in the face and I knew that his tide of excitement must be rising fast. He was plucking feverishly at my quim, almost at the point of no return, and that he had to come and that as a result he would have to screw me and would I mind? I told him to get right on with it and not to worry and to really give me a good going over. I didn't put it in such quiet English as all that, but some words simply will not take to print. Anyway, he got the idea and started on his approach run to my quim's end.

The stabs and the startlement went on for what seemed like 30 scorching seconds or more. It was very short but it was very exciting, and then there was that lovely and very familiar volcano of lust that started as a kind of silent rumble far up my fanny and eventually ended in an open-fannied roar as the cock spewed its contents into me and as the lustful urges of my quim coincided with his many and sharp thrusts. The gestures of love went on for a long time and all I could feel was this rasping heat that threw itself in and out of my quim in short, steaming bursts.

I suppose that people might say, possibly with some justification, that Speedy was really nothing to write home about, let alone write about him in a magazine. But the clear truth of the matter is that I had the most enormous come soon afterwards and I buckled against him as hard as I could and gave his tool the most troublesome time that one might imagine. The cock was so great, but the thing was my fanny was so tight with the excitement of the come that I gave him no chance to even dwindle, but on the overhang, shall we say, of my come I held his cock within this vice of heat and sex so that he himself was forced to stay there and to come off again. But then he wasn't called Speedy for nothing, that's for sure...

WOLVERHAMPTON
UEA 219

"Bussed or Bust?"



"He used to hang around those bushes in the winter, dear..."

Then Freda took over and when she had sapped him dry it was my turn again. He touched my quim and his hands were going like mad in against my thighs. I felt his strong ribs and then took his cock in my hands and told him that it was time that he took me as I was coming along just fine at this stage. He immediately got off my legs and lay on top of me. He smelled slightly sweaty but in a pleasant male way. His strong body felt great against my soft one and when I put my arms round him to draw him down and in to me I could feel the movement of his back muscles.

Then there was the familiar knocking on the door and there he was. His cock was really great and big and when it began to go into me I felt it have to struggle to get inside. The odd thing about him was that even though his penis was very long his knob was out of proportion to the rest of his cock and it was about the size of a small handball. Getting that sort of cock inside the average sized quim is always a bit of a struggle but we persevered, and were eventually rewarded with complete and exciting success.

The resistance of my quim grew and grew and grew. And then, magically, there was a sudden rush and his penis entered me boldly and vamoosed along my eagerly waiting quim. I felt the tearing rush of the erect muscle go up me and when it seemed that it could go no more he stopped for a moment to draw breath as the effort had tired him. Then he began to bang me in quick short strokes, no long ones, and I think that this is what Freda meant when she called him Speedy in the first place. He was very fast with his tool, and oddly enough the overall feeling

WM
WESTMIDL

Nice town Wolverhampton is...

that I got from these short but very fierce stabs was one of almost complete satisfaction. I liked the breathless way that it went in and out, in and out, and after a few minutes I was just about ready to come off.

But Bill sat back for a minute and rested and then he said that he was also ready to come. I told him to fire ahead and not to worry about trying to hold back any more. He said that he was sorry that he had to come, but that he just couldn't hold back any more and that it was killing him to have his cock in there and not to be able to release it. But now that he had permission to screw he more than made up for his short rest.

His cock was swollen up inside me like a balloon and it was pumping against the sides of my quim. It felt like having a huge balloon in there made of flesh, and I could feel the semen pulsing in his cock, and the little jerks and throbs that came through each time that a wave of desire went through it. He was pushing it in very hard now and the shoves and thrusts were getting stronger than ever. He was obviously on the way to his climax and with his record of fast comes it promised to be a good one. And when it happened indeed it was.

The penis throbbed and raged inside me and then Bill said that he was coming. His body crushed down hard on mine and harder and harder went the penis. Just when it seemed that it couldn't go on any longer there was this finally massive thrust and then I gasped with pain as his cock seemed to go right up and through me. The man's body just seemed to twist like a cable wire and he released his all in one great big mass that flooded my pipe.

I held on to him desperately while below me the flood seethed through my quim. I was begging him never to let it stop, but to screw and screw and screw me like a pig. He obliged by screwing all the harder, and even when his orgasm finally ended he was still hard at me. It was a really lovely come and I felt really grateful to him for being such an attentive lover. He sure knew what sex was about. So when he had done me it was Freda's turn and she sucked him off several times.

Our bodies changed and interchanged all the night, and the intercourse never faltered. Freda and I almost drained him of every ounce of semen that he had in his cock, and when we were finally finished with him it was a very limp and wan little band of us that finally got dressed to end this orgiastic sex session.

So if you go to Wolverhampton don't forget that they do know a lot about sex up there, and that if you ever get a chance to have a screw with a local man you certainly won't be disappointed. Nor will the girls ever let you down either. It's a great swinging town, a real town.

NEXT MONTH: I VISIT WIMBLEDON

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SHIRLEY

We always ask our models to tell us a little about themselves and, if possible, something about their sexual experiences which helps the reader to identify with her photographs. Many cannot bring themselves to do this though a few actually pick up pen and paper and give us quite a publishable account of themselves. At only 19 years of age, perhaps it was to be expected that Shirley would have little experience to relate but we were nevertheless quite surprised with what she did have to say.

“I was born in Chester in 1957 and my Dad had a part-time interest in a photographic concern – perhaps it is appropriate that I should now be a model! In fact, I'm not all that interested in a modelling career,” Shirley explained, “and I really wanted to do something in airlines and may yet decide to become a stewardess via a nursing qualification, I understand it's often the way that girls get in. Mind you, I've no illusions about the life of an airline stewardess either, I know for instance that it's extremely hard work and that the pay isn't all that fabulous but it does have a glamorous image as jobs go and

as I enjoy travel it would probably be some time before the novelty wore off.

The only really unusual sexy thing that happened to me would probably interest your readers nevertheless, it refers to the time when I got a touch of rheumatism (would you believe?) in my shoulders after I got wet through out horse riding in a mist. I had a modelling engagement coming up which called for a bit of leaping about and then I saw this advertisement offering the services of a male masseur who would call.

I forget what publication it was in but it was a rather naughty magazine and I should have guessed. The chap who turned up was actually a homosexual prostitute who was only masquerading as a masseur in order to get clients. This didn't occur to me until he'd been there for about a quarter of an hour when it gradually dawned on me that he wasn't doing very much for my bad back and was, as masseurs go, the worst I've ever had. It just goes to show you how careful you've got to be but there are some lines you just can't read between, aren't there!"

Readers will no doubt have already detected Shirley's very blunt and honest approach to life and we found this a refreshing change from some of the more coy ladies who have graced our studios and locations in the past.

"Sometimes it hurts people when you tell them the plain un-

varnished truth," Shirely explained, "but I always do this no matter what the consequences and I find that people sometimes respect me for it. For example, at the moment I have two boyfriends and though they haven't met, each knows about the other. I've told them that I don't really love them but that I enjoy their company and that's it. They're both happy to accept this because it goes back to the old traditional way of courting until you fall in love if you like. I'm afraid I'm a little too cynical for that sort of romanticism but at least my boyfriends know where they stand and they also know that I'm not trying to tie them down.

If I do have one kinky bit of fun which I enjoy it is massage. There's nothing like the ministrations of a competent professional masseur when you're full of aches and pains – which I seem to be prone to – but even amateur massage can be fun with a person of the opposite sex. Obviously, you take it in turns, this is what my boyfriends and I usually do.

The first job is to get the boy to take all his clothes off. I don't just mean strip to his underwear, I mean absolutely everything – even his socks. I stay fully dressed and when he's stripped, I give him a concilliatory kiss and cuddle. I've never known a guy this doesn't make rampant, being naked and caressed by a girl who is fully dressed sends them wild with desire, the evidence is there,

pointing rudely from the bottom of his tummy! Then he goes into the kitchen and lies on the table, lying on his back to start with, perhaps on a blanket but on the bare oilcloth if I'm feeling a bit sadistic. Then he gets massaged with either baby oil or olive oil – depends what I've got in, I've used margarine in the past! – and perhaps I go near his naughty parts once or twice to let him know I'm still there. Then he turns over and plays the flip side. Whilst he's turning over, I strip to the waist. If I've just got my blouse and bra on, I take them off. If I'm wearing a dress and slip, I leave them dangling and also remove my bra. Because his back is uppermost, the boy has to twist his head uncomfortably to look at my boobs, which are then bare – and if I make a point of standing where it's hard for him to see, this too sends him pretty wild.

The result is that by the time he's being powered off and finished and is dying to get his hands on me, the poor devil is almost rampant with desire and when I prostrate myself naked on the table before him, I often find myself cheated prematurely out of my evening's fun if the guy hasn't the experience to control himself! If all is well however, he massages me to instructions which I give him verbally as he goes along if he has no experience and of course I don't object if he goes into too much detail when massaging my naughty places. Some of my boyfriends have been put off by my rather blunt demeanour and their massage is as far as it goes. Some of them see right through me and after a token wipe or two, they're on the kitchen table with me in less time than it takes to say "Jack Robinson!"

Whatever her boyfriends make of her, we found 19 year old Shirley quite fascinating both to photograph thanks to her 36-19-34 figure and to talk to in view of her unusual and candid views. Anyone for seconds?

SECRET DIARIES OF A VICTORIAN COPPER

Part Two

Edited by Tom Feeley

In the first instalment of this rivetting expose of Victorian sex, as seen by a policeman at the time, we told of the dreadful vice that raged almost unchecked in the East End of London. Now in this second instalment of one of the most sexually frightful stories ever published, he tells of what life was like in the glittering West End then. But all that glitters is not gold, except perhaps to the unscrupulous few, and where the ponces of Victorian London are concerned there were few things they would not do to increase their riches and trade.

Ably edited for this magazine by Tom Feeley, one of the most famous researchers into this period, this is one of the true-life stories that we are pleased to bring to you. Although the Victorian times are long dead, vice lives on, and this is a completely authentic tale from our files of sin in the Victorian style.

"Having got my transfer from the East End, on promotion, to the West End, I really wondered after a time if humanity were not all the same under the skin. For I found out soon enough that there was only one real difference between the vices of the poor and those of the rich. And that was that those of the poor were public and publicly punished, while those of the rich were discreet and usually discreetly dealt with. The poor man paid with public shame, and the rich man hushed things up with secret payments of money in the right quarters. I fear that even some of my colleagues were venal enough to take this kind of bribe.

When I first came to the West End it was like a jewel with a flaw. There were all the bright lights of the city, so great a contrast to the miseries of the poor East End. This was the part of the city where it was thought great fun to lose as much as a thousand pounds on the throw of a card, and where fortunes were lost nightly over the gaming tables of the fashionable clubs. There was a reek of money in the air and in fact, so little did people care or think of the East End, that they treated it as though it was another part of the world altogether. The reformers did what they could but they were short of money, and so the East End languished while the West End spent and spent...

My first introduction to a brothel came about in a peculiar way that shows just how differently the dice were loaded in this quarter of London. Because whereas in the East End one was called to a brothel to deal with a customer who was getting out of hand, in the West End one was called out to deal with whores who, for one reason or other didn't please the already-pampered client. In other words, most of the calls were from spite, nothing more than that. It was a truly disgusting thing, really...

In this instance the brothel was in Half Moon Street, one of the more outwardly respectable places in London, But behind the rich facades of these excellent houses there existed a world of sickening depravity – the likes of which one would never see in the humbler brothels of the East End. For this was where the real money of London was being spent, and it was here that they had their precious lordlings in full rig who spent hundreds of pounds on a girl that they could have had in the East side for a mere half-guinea or less. Values are what you make of them, and there was no doubt but that those of East and West were completely different.

My call came to this house and I went there with two uniformed constables. They were honest men, though without much imagination. But what they saw when we entered the glittering portals of this mansion was sufficient to make up for any deficiency they might have had in imagination. Because the first thing that met our eyes as we walked in there under the cynical eyes of the wealthy patrons, was the sight of a naked woman being ridden bareback round the entrance foyer. The two bobbies just stared and gaped at this amazing sight and gaped even more when another couple appeared in the same fashion. These young bucks had organised a race of prostitutes and the winner apparently took all. This was their idea of fun and it was enough to make any decent man sick to his stomach.

But my business lay upstairs and there I found this truly delightful girl being held in the custody of two vicious-looking men. The complaint was actually that she had attempted to assault one of the wealthy customers, one Lord Y., who was both a young bully and a brute. He had apparently asked her to sleep with another girl so that he could look on, and then he would pull his penis in such a way that he would drench them with the silky flow of his semen. The girl had refused to do this, and she had also refused to allow him to insert his penis into her buttocks and commit an indecent act therein. I privately thought that she was right to do this, but he didn't think so and when she had refused and resisted him he had said that she had assaulted him. I knew that she would not have had a chance in court. They would have made mince meat of her...

I took the weeping girl from that disgusting place and took her in a cab with the constables. But before we got to the station I asked the others what they thought of the whole affair. They, being good men, said that they thought it was disgusting, and between us we agreed that we would not take the girl to be charged but say that she had escaped from us. We set the girl free and later that night there was a note for me handed in at the front desk of the station. It was from the girl, and it asked me to meet her later on. In it she said that she had now decided to go straight, but that she would like to see me to thank me for what I had done. I duly decided to meet her and did so. When we met she sobbed uncontrollably against me for a while and then offered her body to me in gratitude for her narrow escape from the clutches of the law. I suppose it was wrong of me to have intercourse with her but she was such a fetching creature that I confess that I could not resist her, and so I gave her sexual pleasure for an entire evening before retiring to my home.

Now that is the sort of incident which was all too common in this part of the world. To understand how bad things were, one must realise that at this time the town of London was the capital of one of the greatest Empires ever known – and still is to some extent. There was so much money concentrated in this area that it rivalled ancient Rome. There was every sort of pleasure for the asking and naturally that attracted the most unsavoury types. There were gamblers and pimps, there were whores and madams, there were rich men and some poor ones. But above all there was an abundance of sheer naked carnal sexuality there.

Places that catered for men who wanted sex were so varied that it was almost impossible to keep track of them. Not all of them, like the place in Half Moon Street for example, looked like brothels. There were many places that were used as places of assignation for meetings between whores and their clients and one of these was the Cafe Royal. Much has been written of that place, but mostly from the clients' viewpoint who, after all, got the better part of the bargain.

But from the viewpoint of the girls who worked their beats there, so to speak, there was nothing especially glamorous about this place. It had all the best food and all the better people but when it came to sexual depravity it attracted all the very worst types. Now it was not the sort of place that we ever raided, but we had to keep an eye on it, and some of the people who took girls from there were incredibly well up in the world of Victorian life. If you ask me what was the greatest characteristic of Victorian life I would say that it was hypocrisy. There was the usual claptrap about morality and so forth. But when night came down, and the wealthy ones went in search of their pleasures, there was soon an end to the talk and they went after the whores with the rutting fervour of a pack of rabbits. There was nothing that money could not buy in this part of town, and indeed to have sex there you just had to have cash.

Another thing that was beginning in the West End at this time was what one now calls 'professional modelling'. This was very loosely linked to the artists colony that existed in Soho at the time. These were usually men of some taste and breeding, but they needed a lot of girls to model for them. Most of the girls who did were initially girls of some quality, but gradually a nastier note crept into things and soon one found that the hitherto pleasant word 'model' was now another word of salacious meaning. It meant nothing more than a visiting whore and so another dimension was added to whoring.

The only thing that made these girls stand out from their more formal sisters was that they were far more beautiful. For the models of Soho were certainly lovely creatures, and when one went occasionally to a studio to stop some orgy that might be taking place there, there would be gathered some of the very most ravishing girls that one could wish to see. They were truly beautiful, and from time to time I had sexual intercourse with some of them so that they would not be arrested. I know that some will say that I abused my position of trust, but I have a penis the same as the next man and I like women too.

Usually these girls charged the artist something like two shillings for a sitting. That in those days was real money, and if they were especially good and pleasing to the artist they might get far more for their troubles. But then if sex was also required things were far dearer. Usually a model would charge ten shillings for sex. This could last all day, though, and there again the client got the better bargain. A lot of the girls had husbands who were unaware of what was going on, and only when their portraits were shown in the raw, as they say, at the various annual exhibitions might he find out what they had been up to. It was a truly sordid scene, and there were long queques of girls outside some of the better-known artists' studios sometimes all day long. There was very little we could do to stop this kind of thing, as one would have had to get a warrant to enter, and as most of them were people of standing the magistrates would usually refuse to grant warrants.

THE
EARTHLY
PARADISE

This was one of the real troubles about Victorian vice. And that was that the whole thing was organised on social grounds. There was one law for the rich and another one for the poor and between the two there was a truly great gulf. While in the East End a whore, if convicted was usually jailed, in the West End a girl would probably get only a fine and then she would be free to go about her business. There was a tremendous amount of corruption about the place, and it was not unheard of for the magistrates to go to bed with the very girls that he had earlier fined for a similar offence. Judges in those times were corrupt.

But unfortunately the greatest trial of all were the thousands of street walkers who haunted the West End. At this time the laws on prostitution were rather scrambled, and there was little similarity between offences. But where common street walking was concerned there was no doubt but that the girls concerned were fined heavily and usually jailed as well. Some of them were sent to houses of correction, while others went to prison, and prison is not a pleasant place at the best of times. For this reason one might have thought that they would have been deterred from plodding the streets. But curiously enough there was nothing of the kind, and in fact the prostitution problem grew and grew the more severe the sentences became. I have never been able to understand the defiance of the whores of that time. The more that went to jail the more that took their places, and the customers never lacked variety and choice for a minute.

Soho, then as now, was the place where they all gathered and although Mayfair was fast creeping up on them, Soho remained the favourite place for many years to come. Usually though there was little to choose between the two sorts except that the Soho girls were slightly cheaper than the Mayfair sort. The Soho girls haunted the taverns and coffee houses, while the Mayfair girls haunted the cab ranks and also the doorways of the homes of the rich. There were all manner of ways in which these girls attracted their customers, but probably the most popular venue of all were the music halls of which, at that time, there were a great many.

The thing about the halls is that for once rich and poor mingled without much outward show of distinction. And the girls who thronged the London West End halls were for the most part available to any man, if he had a reasonable amount of money on him. The halls were the places where you have a reasonable amount of entertainment for a small amount of money and where, if you fancied it, you could go down and ask almost any girl in the audience for a good time and she would almost certainly be a common whore. They thronged the halls and the bars which were alongside, and although one couldn't always get hold of one of the actresses there were enough ordinary prostitutes around to satisfy all tastes.

The odd thing about these girls is that they seemed to charge the same amount to both the rich and the poor. I have to admit it about them, they were not the usual mercenary type of whore that one had come to find in Mayfair. These girls were usually common prostitutes who were tired of being street walkers and who found that in the comparative comfort of the halls they could ply their traffic without too much interference from the police. We did our best to stop them from time to time, but there was no doubt but that the girls had the police well and truly beaten in those days. They made us look like fools if we tried to arrest them.

The actresses or artistes of the halls and theatres were a peculiar breed of people. This was the great age of the 'Stage Door Johnny'. These were usually toffs who had the money to take these girls out to dinner or to a club and there wine and dine them. It's hard to say if or whether they were actually prostitutes, but in the sense that they certainly took money for sexual services there is no doubt but that they were. I personally feel that they were just talented whores, and I myself have had an actress or two from time to time. They could always point to the fact that they were legitimately earning money on the stage and there was no denying this.

But most of these girls were very expensive, and far out of the reach of the ordinary customer or theatre-goer. They had expensive tastes and they knew how to indulge them as well. For this reason they tended to give themselves airs and graces and they would always refer to themselves as actresses and never as prostitutes. Oddly enough some of them were acceptable into the very highest society, and even the late Prince of Wales, later the King, was very partial to them and used to frequent the stalls in disguise, and then have an equerry chat them up on his behalf. I know that one should not speak ill of the dead, but there is no doubt but that our reigning Monarch of the time, after the old Queen had died, was what they term as 'a bit of a lad'.

Not that he was alone in this. Because the young men with a lot of money simply had nothing better to do than spend it in any way they could. The fact that they had so much money meant that they created immediately two classes of whore. On the one hand you had the cheap girl who would deal with the poorer sections of the community, and on the other you had the girls who would only entertain the wealthy and the gentry. And when they charged they really charged. I had to arrest a madam when we closed down a Mayfair brothel, and she had on her at the time, apart from god only knows what in the bank, the incredible sum of £60,000 in cash. Now this was astounding money at that time, and it gives some idea of the sort of money that these men used to pay for their perverted pleasures.

Usually these girls were closeted in brothels. They were cossetted and pampered and there was nothing of the brutal squalor of the East End whores for them. If the rich men wanted it 'rough', then they could always go to the East End and have their wicked way for as little as a shilling from some poor, half-starved wretch. But in Mayfair they would have to pay through the nose for their pleasure. But pay they did, and for one special reason. And that was that here they could have almost anything they ever desired. There was no limit at all to what these girls would do for money, and there were even brothels where the lesbian cult of love was catered for and the number of titled ladies who visited such places were quite shocking. Some of them were married, too...

One of these girls once told me that she had entertained a certain female member of the Royal Family. This woman never married, and that was indeed something odd at a time when marriage was almost all the rage, and where it was most unusual for a person of her rank to stay single. The fact that she was very lovely made it all the stranger. This girl swore that she had not merely slept with her, but that this particular woman had a distinct preference for having two or three girls at one time. She was very brutal in her love-making and would act out the part of a man with a device strapped to her body which greatly resembled the male penis. She would attack the other girls with this device and when she herself had achieved her orgasm she would then keep going at the girls until she had forced them to achieve one as well.

I mention this only to show just how much vice there was at this time in the West End. And to emphasise that it was not just the lower classes, who were always being urged to be moral, who were taking part in these events. For there was no doubt at all but that rich as well as poor were venal and corrupt, and that people of all classes were freely using the services of the girls of the night. The whore population in the West End soon far outgrew that of the East End, and after a time there was actually what amounted to a population movement with whores coming in from the East End and setting up in business for themselves in Soho. It was completely uncontrollable, and we in the police were almost powerless to prevent it at all.

That then was the situation in London when finally I retired in 1913. Vice rampant, girls selling themselves for a pittance to hard-faced men. Women selling their bodies to other women. All manner of sex on offer and nothing like a decent age limit in force. I wondered at the time if I had failed in my task as a vice control policeman, and even though I hate to admit this even to a diary, I have to conclude that I did fail and that vice in London was worse when I retired than when I started. Today it is just as bad, and I can see no signs of hope for the future.

I fear that prostitution is here to stay, and I can see no way that it will ever be stopped until the authorities take a far harder line with the whores than they have done up till now. But what can you expect when even judges and the magistrates will entertain whores in their chambers?"

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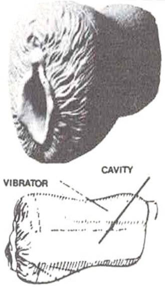

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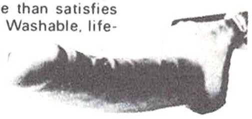

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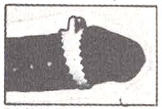
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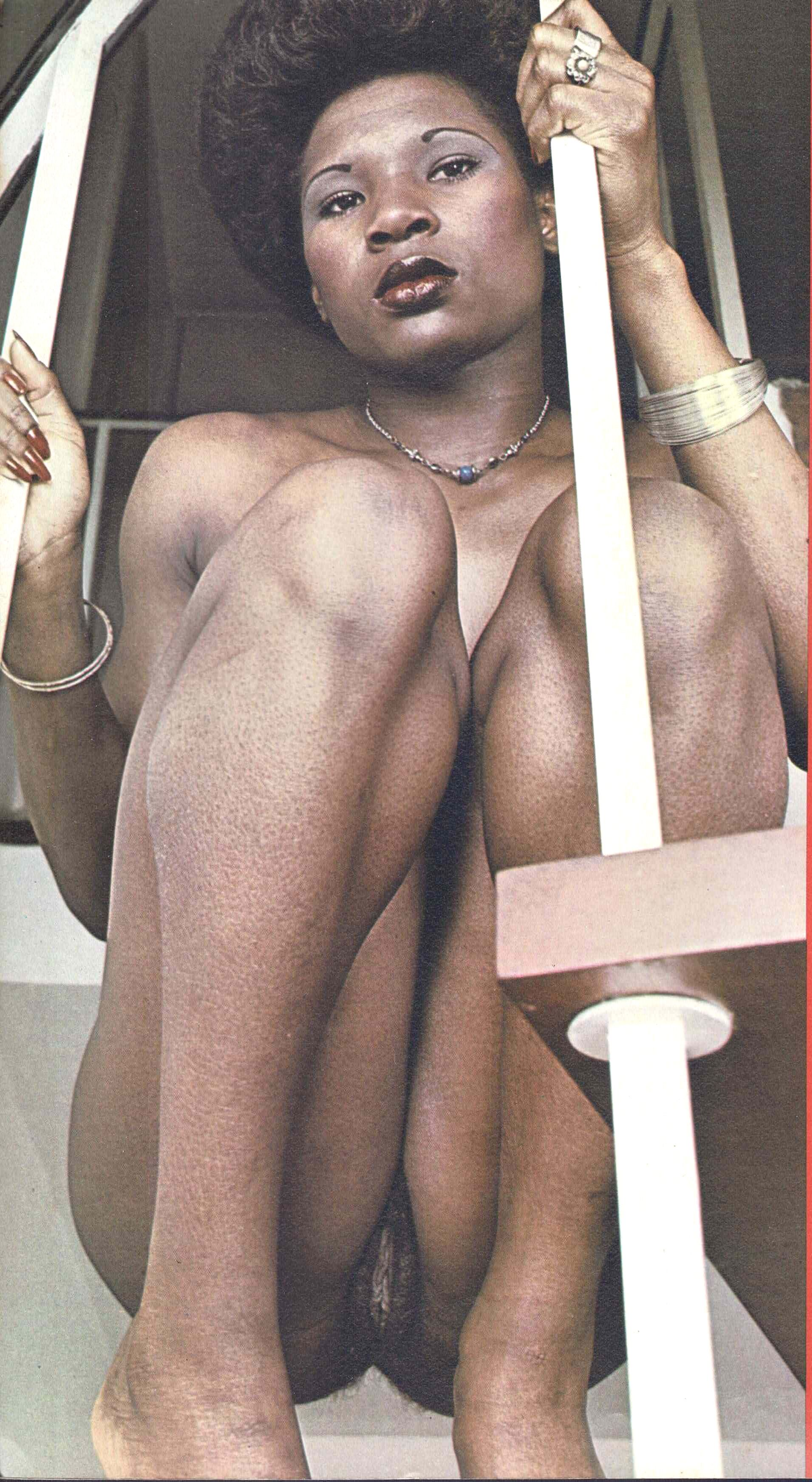

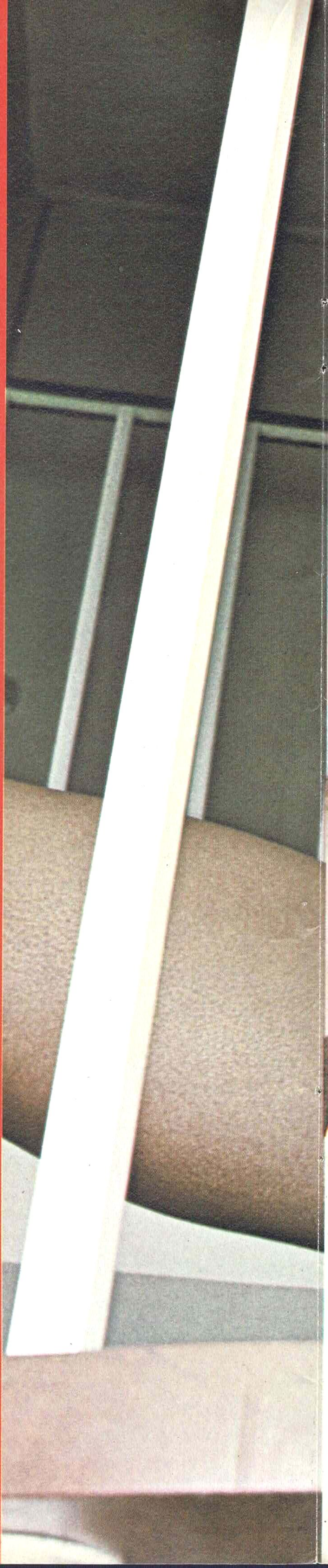

PLAYBIRDS SPECIAL INVESTIGATION

by Barry Cock and Ava Ray

THE HOTEL WHORES

THE CHURCHILL HOTEL

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THE CHURCHILL
HNM 577N

In earlier Issues of Playbirds we featured hotels with prostitution problems. This feature was extremely popular with you – so for the next few months we return to these indepth hotel investigations. We do not pick on sleezy 'backstreet' hotels, but seek to show that it is the best hotels in England that are being over-run with prostitution. The facts published here are the truth and we show that no company or individual is above 'exposure'.

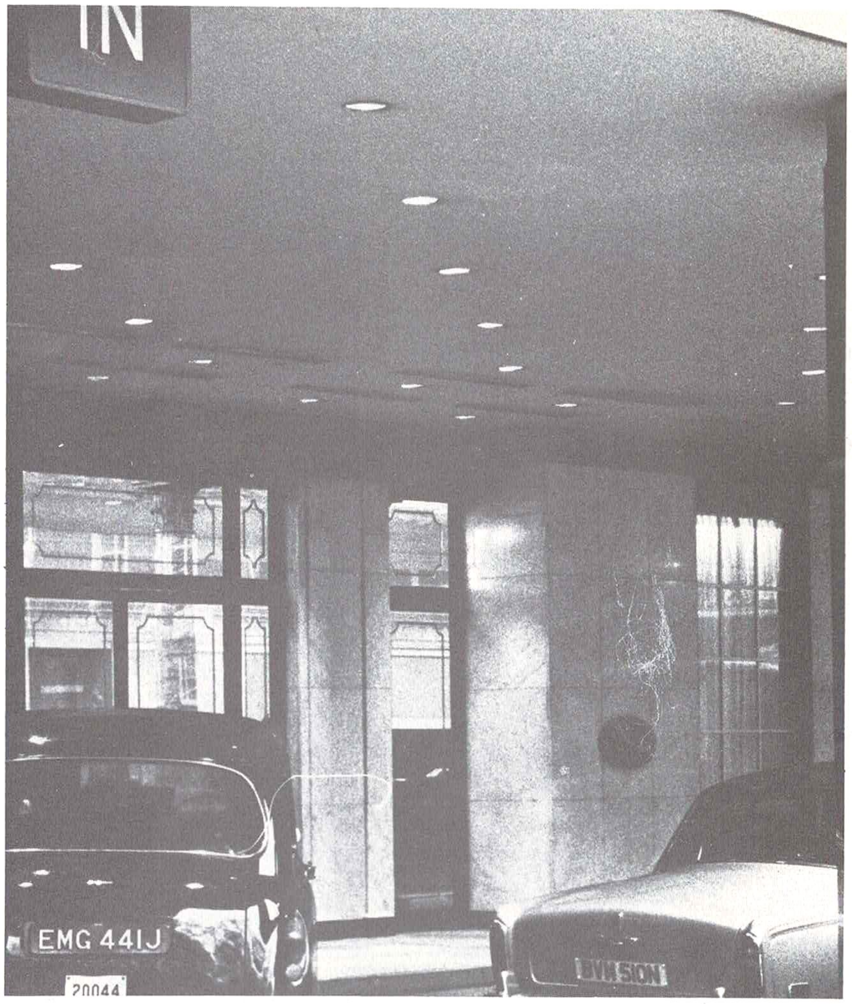
It's a sad truth but an inescapable one that luxury doesn't always mean virtue. In fact, it usually means something very much the opposite, as we have good reason to know. Because we have found, in the course of our occasional reports and investigations into the whoring hotels of London, that even where the management is extremely vigilant there are girls who somehow manage to get in there and do their stuff, usually with the active connivance of guests or casual visitors.

We recognise the problems that these hotels have to face, but once again we must repeat our call for a complete clean-up of this sordid slice of London life. We have said time and again that we are not prepared to sit back and let this sort of thing carry on. We have goaded managements generally, and we have been forced to goad managements individually. This gives us no pleasure at all but we have to write as we find. And here again is yet another melancholy tale of vice in one of the most excellent hotels in London. Read what Barry Cock and his girl reporter, Ava Ray, have to say about this shrine of luxury – and, regrettably, of unwanted vice.

"Just why it is that girls must always manage to get their own way in everything is something that has puzzled better students of human nature than me. But there's no denying that when a girl wants something she will usually move heaven and earth, and use every weapon she can think of, to get it. I make this small philosophical remark apropos a certain situation that was brought to my notice recently. It was a telephonic complaint that followed hard upon an exposure I had done on a London hotel. I had said that even the really luxurious hotels were finding it difficult to quell the ever-increasing tide of whores who were using these hotels as a place of trade. Some of them were being turned into bazaars of vice, and both managements and guests were up in arms about it. But, said my caller, do you want a real eye-opener? Well, if you do try the Churchill, supposedly the most impregnable hotel of the lot, as far as this sort of thing is concerned.

The Churchill? I could hardly stifle the groan of mingled rage and shock that rose to my lips. I too knew the reputation of the Churchill as a first-class hotel par excellence. And had the hordes of whoredom managed to penetrate these splendid portals? The thought was too much to bear, and so with my girl companion I decided to see what it was like and if my caller was misinformed or malicious. I have to tell you now: he was neither, and the proud halls of that hotel have fallen victim to a whoring scene that is far more discreet than in any other hotel, but where in spite of the almost frantic efforts of the management girls are still slipping through their fingers (No pun intended!).

To be immediately fair to the management of the Churchill they are immensley on the alert for this sort of thing. So much so that they occasionally err on the side of righteousness. I refer to an incident that was reported to me recently when a girl of my acquaintance was sitting in the bar. She is a most respectable person, married to a man of position, and waiting for a friend. She had been sitting there for just a few minutes – and I must say right away that she is a fairly attractive girl – when she was approached by a waiter who, none too politely, asked whether she was staying in the hotel. As my acquaintance rather resented the attitude of the waiter, especially in front of others in the bar, she asked to see the bar manager. This person eventually arrived and, after some discussion, probably to



endeavour to ascertain what sort of person she was, apologised. Following the arrival of her friend, a most respectable business man and long-standing friend of her family, they enjoyed a pleasant pre-dinner drink though as she, I think rightly, states her evening was somewhat marred by the incident and the rather indiscreet attitude of both the waiter and bar manager in the presence of others.

Now one can see her point and sympathise with her. Perhaps the bar manager was a little hasty. But he subsequently apologised for his mistake and that was that as far as he was concerned. But this incident shows that at least one hotel is prepared to take action to ensure that girls are not allowed to roam about the bar picking up casual clients. We commend the attitude of this hotel for their zealous, perhaps over-zealous, approach to this problem. Would that their firm stand were successful, but we have news for them. Sad news. For their efforts are being undermined and here is how we saw it done.

At one time my colleague, a recognised journalist and member of the National Union of Journalists, assisted in the writing of an exposee of certain escort agencies and the girls employed by them. As a result of this she became fairly well known to certain of these girls and certainly knew many of them by sight. So you can imagine her surprise when, on entering the foyer of the hotel, she recognised a girl who was hanging soulfully on the arm of a smartly dressed man. The recognition was mutual as the girl smiled at my companion though did not speak. No introductions were made at this stage.

We sat in the excellent bar and were served with speed, courtesy and completely professional demeanour. But I noticed that my companion was rather surprised, and the more she looked round the bar the more surprised she became. I asked her the reason and for reply she led me to a small couchette in the panelled room. There she explained the cause of her surprise to me. And I must confess that what she had to say shocked me to my core. For this was indeed grim news. The Churchill's anti-whoring security net had been breached. There were girls here who were definitely on the game!

You may imagine my consternation at this amazing disclosure. I asked her to explain and she did. She told me to look round the room at the couples who were quietly drinking. I did so and they looked pretty ordinary, although some of the girls looked a bit tarty and some of them were a trifle loud in their manner. "I know most of these girls" she said, "they all work for escort agencies." She pointed out six girls who were in the room at the time, and sure enough they were the rather out-of-place girls that I myself had seen. But there were many others there who were completely respectable, and I would like to stress at this stage that there is no suggestion that the place is swamped with loud-voiced whores trafficking noisily in their cups.

I closely questioned Ava on the subject of the girls and she assured me, after the most careful examination, that she was not mistaken. To prove her point, as the evening progressed our watchful silence and observation was interrupted by waves or smiles from the girls who recognised her. How then had they got here and why was this happening? The answer was a very simple one, it is almost completely impossible for hotels to keep out women who are accompanied by men. How can they tell who is on the level and who is not? Again one sympathises with their plight.

But after a while I had real proof that this scene was really as Ava had described it. For the girl that we had first met in the foyer came into the bar and catching sight of us came over. She shook Ava by the hand, and she was introduced to me as Mary, a former air hostess. She was a tallish girl, dark haired but there was something glassy about her eyes and I wondered if she had been taking pills as well as drinking. But what she did to herself was not my concern. I wanted to find out what her game was and whether or not it was the oldest game in the world.

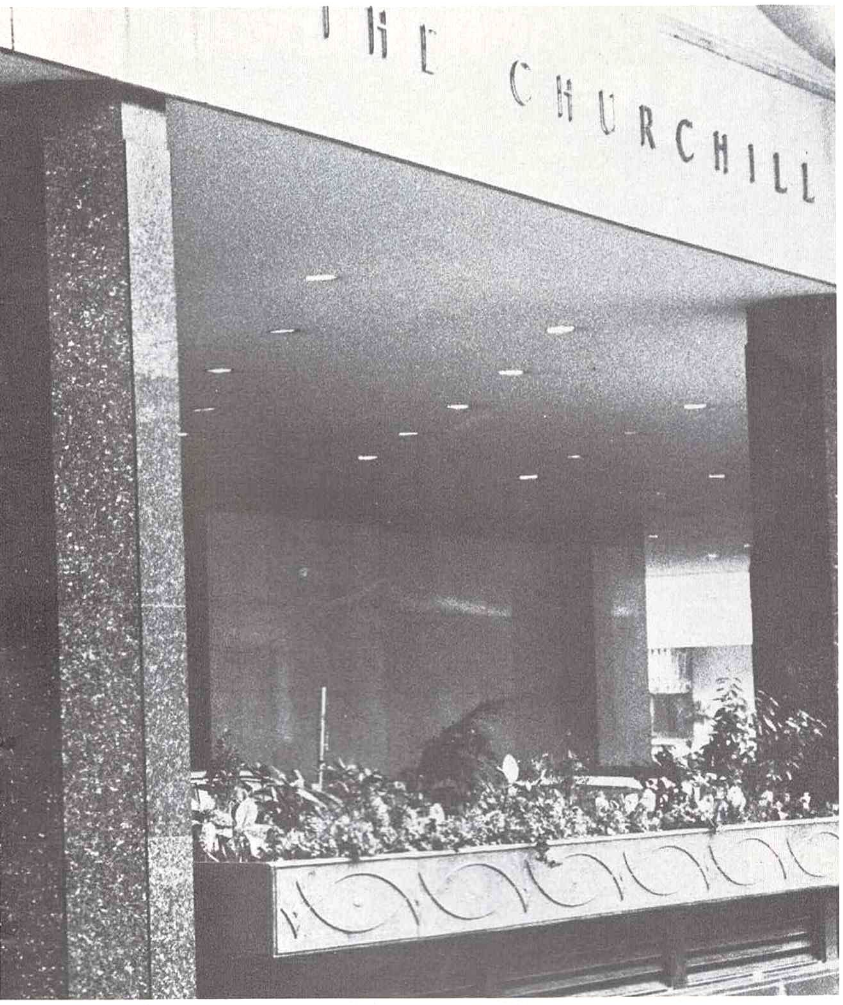
She soon proved after a time that it was. I was introduced to her as having an interest in an escort agency in the Midlands, and when she heard that she broke her discretion completely. She said she thought I was another journalist and, if I had been, she most certainly would not have said anything. At this point I let Ava do most of the talking which was probably wise as she could certainly get more out of her than I could.

Sure enough she was whoring. She said that she only came to the Churchill from time to time as if they got to know you here they would certainly throw you out if they got a chance. So what she did was either to take a client along who would be her guarantee of good behaviour, or at least show that she was being accompanied, or else she had this tame bloke who was employed by the agency to take girls into hotels, stay with them for a time, and then slyly let them punt round the well-regulated bars for other punters. This was something new to me, and feigning interest in the profit side of this arrangement I asked her how common this was in London hotel bars, and this one in particular.

She said that it was the latest ploy of the agencies to get their girls into hotels where the guests or the drinkers were very well heeled. This way they could pick up punters and sleep with them. But more than that: they could also get the punter to discreetly pass the word round their friends who might be coming to stay there, and thus alibi her for yet another visit. She said that the thing about the Churchill was that whoring and picking-up did certainly go on, but that you had to be very careful here as they were very cautious.

But now, by using this method they had managed to breach the counter-security, and while she knew that a single girl on her own would almost certainly be asked to leave the bar unless she could prove that she was a guest, by bringing this decoy duck of a stooge punter, she was able to stay there as long as she liked until the vigilance of the management was lessened and she could then discreetly punt among the single men who came there. There were always plenty of bar-flies, and looking around I could see several single men sitting at the bar. They looked slightly lost and in need of company, and I could see what she meant by bar-flies. If they were then she was definitely the bar-spider and she wove a nifty web.

Again acting out my role of being an escort man myself, and pretending that I had come to London to learn what I could about the more sophisticated methods employed by the London agencies, I asked her how she would punt a customer in this room. Looking round the lavish place it was almost impossible to realise that



anything as bizarre as our conversation could be taking place, and that I was sitting here with two lovely girls, one of whom was a journalist and one a common whore. But it was happening and nobody was any the wiser for it...

To prove how it was done she told me to look at a certain couple who were sitting on a couchette near the wall. There under an inset mirror they sat, looking for all the world like a young businessman and his girl. He was smartly dressed and so was she and they looked right for the place. She said that it might take some time but to keep watching them through the evening and I did so. The place was filling up by now, and soon I noticed that the girl was getting up from her seat and going to the toilet. But when she came back she didn't return to the man she had been with, but to another table where there was a man sitting alone, a man with something of a wistful, faraway look in his eyes as he surveyed the cheerful, chattering room. She asked his permission to sit down and they chatted, and he bought her drinks and then after about twenty minutes they left separately. When she came back after about an hour, Mary called her over and introduced us. She asked her if she had scored and the girl said that it was a dead snip. She was really pleased because the bloke had given her £35 for just an hour!

This then was proof that things were certainly happening at the Churchill. But were the whores actually sleeping with the guests on the premises? This was the most difficult one of all, said Mary. As a rule you would find it easier to get into Fort Knox than to get in here. But she knew of girls who had managed it and the only way she knew this:

... A client would have to make a straight booking with an agency and then would arrange to meet the girl. He would tell the reception desk that he was expecting his secretary with some papers and when she arrived with a portfolio she would be allowed to have a drink with him and then go to the room. But there is great vigilance at the Churchill, and she would almost certainly have to leave the premises before the night was out. The Churchill management have been quoted when the case of robberies at the Penta was under discussion earlier, as saying that they would never allow a girl to accompany a man to his rooms whatever the reason. This is not strictly true, but there is no doubt that they do try to keep it to a minimum.

So what about the chances of getting a screw for the evening on a casual basis? When I mentioned that to Mary she shook her head, and said that it was almost completely kmpossible apart from the way she had mentioned. She had heard that there were occasional suite bookings where whores were sometimes booked in on a conference basis. She said that she was not inclined to believe that one, and that she thought it was probably something of a traveller's tale. I was inclined to agree with her.

But while all this talking had been going on there was no doubt that, to those who were observant, there was now clear evidence that there were girls in the bar who were plying for trade. They were doing it very discreetly indeed and there was one foursome where I immediately realised that one couple was being introduced to another. Mary said that one of the couples were agency punters and that it was probably a set-up meeting for a threesome, and that the agency girl would soon depart with the couple leaving the man on his own. That's just what happened and when they had gone she beckoned him over.

Introductions were made and he said his name was Ron. He said that it was a great life and that he never had any trouble pulling clients in this bar. I suggested to him that perhaps he was just lucky, and that he hadn't been found out as yet but that he would be. He laughed and said that I must be joking. He said that the management hadn't a clue about what they were up to in here, and that in one night alone he had escorted five separate girls in here and then skilfully placed them with men who were on their own. The management seemed to think that if you were with a girl their responsibility was at an end. In that he was correct, as it happens. After all, it was supposed to be a bar not an annexe of a concentration camp, with people being asked name, rank and number and who's your companion, sir? all the time.

But when I mentioned that it was almost impossible to have sex with a girl in this hotel he almost fell out of his seat with laughter. "Who the hell told you that one?" he shrieked. To him it was funnier than the Marx Brothers on the spree. I said that Mary had told me and he rolled his eyes in helpless laughter. "Mary must be having you on" he said. It's as easy as pie. Oh, I know they make a fuss at the desk and the porters are likely to report anything they think is a bit dodgy but I can assure you that there is no real barrier to getting in here if you really want to. All you do is book at the desk, say your wife will be here in a minute, and who is any the wiser."

I thought that this claim was astonishing and said so. But he assured me that his claim was completely correct and for evidence he called over a girl known as Lyn. Ava had previously met her on a modelling assignment. She was a very attractive brunette and was rather taller than the average girl. She sat down with us and the ebullient Ron asked her to tell us how easy it was to get a bed here. She said that she came here once a week, and met a different punter in the bar and if he wanted sex for a night she would get him to book in for two. She said that there was no real problem about getting a room, but the only problem as far as she was concerned was getting punters who would be prepared to get a double room at the prices they charged here, and then be prepared to pay for the girl on top of that.

I must confess that when I tried to book in that evening I was unsuccessful and was told that nothing was available at such short notice. But I had the feeling that I would have been allowed my double room had it been available at the time. I wasn't asked any searching questions, apart from being asked if I had made a postal booking in advance, and when I said that I hadn't I was advised to do so in future 'as it ensures that you have a good room with no bother'. If anything the people at the desk were charming and helpful rather than inquisitive...

And that just left the matter of money. How much could the average girl who used this bar expect to make in one evening of hard punting? Ron said that most of his girls would come out of it with something like a hundred if she was prepared to have a few punters. He had known girls who really struck it lucky in this place, and they had come out with a great deal more than that. But as far as he was concerned if you worked out that a punter was an

average of £30 a go, then she should manage about three trips per evening, so call it anything from £75 to £100 and you had a fair figure.

Mary was inclined to think that it depended more on the sort of punter that you met rather than any guaranteed figure. She said that you were limited by the vigilance of the bar staff who, after all, did have their regulars and that by the time the place really filled up and it was more difficult for them to know what was going on, the evening would be getting on and your time would be limited as a result. She herself usually pulled two or three per night and she did have one man who gave her £200 one evening. But she said that this was something of a fluke, and that usually £25 to £30 was the going rate and that was the most that anyone should expect.

Soon afterwards they all left us and we stayed for a while looking at the coy punting that was going on all round us. It was beautifully done, one had to admit, and but for the fact that we had been tipped off and that Ava knew so many of the girls, we would never really have seen it. So even though I have to report that whoring, or certainly picking-up of clients, does go on at the Churchill Hotel, I am very happy to say that here is a hotel which tries its very best to ensure that it is stamped out. I wish that other hotels who boast that they never had a whore within their doors would try to follow the example of the Churchill and keep a sharper eye out.

And I suggest to the Churchill that they should have a secret register of regulars in that bar, and keep an eye out for those who aren't.

PORNOGRAPHY IS ILLEGAL - OR IS IT?

A Statement from the Committee of Ten Thousand the aims of the committee are simple - to get the Obscene Publications Act recinded. How can you help? Well you can help by joining the Committee and letting us have your views on pornography.

AN OPEN LETTER TO ALL READERS
The Committee of Ten Thousand
13C Godwin Road, Forest Gate, London, E.7.

"As a reader of one of the stronger British magazines we feel sure you will have at least a passing interest in what we have to say.

Every law, they say, has a loop-hole! Take for example the dreaded 'breathalizer test'. How many times have you heard about a man, who once involved in an accident, simply takes a large drink of spirit for anti-shock purposes. And then IF taken to court simply states that he only drank after the accident to calm him down, and suddenly the intended prosecution is in doubt.

Whether or not it is true is another matter. It is on record that many such drink cases have been dismissed because of this loop-hole in the law.

Well, now comes a breakthrough for another loop-hole. This time in the Obscene Publications Act of 1957 and 1964 amended, it states that: "It is against the law to "Sell items/Goods that may corrupt and/or deprave, for gain"." And it is the last two words that are important - FOR GAIN, which means to make a profit. For it is not an offence to possess pornographic books or magazines for ones own use. It is only against the law to offer for sale, or actually sell pornography for gain.

We are not allowed to sell you pornography but because of the wording of the act we can, and would like to invite you to join "The Committee of Ten Thousand" to undertake research into pornography.

Should you wish to enrol and help the Committee in its research, we will send you **free of charge** ten porno magazines - WE ARE NOT SELLING THESE TO YOU FOR GAIN - including such titles as, Climax, Weekend Sex, Topsy, Selecta, Woman and Animals.

Topsy!
Women and
SELECTA
COLOR CLIMAX
WEEKEND SEX

All you have to undertake as a Committee member is to complete a simple questionnaire which you will be sent in due course. Just simply complete the questionnaire and return it to the Committee who will use the information as part of their report. You are not required to put either your name, or address on the questionnaire, so you are assured of complete anonymity.

These are a few samples of the questions you will be asked to complete:-

1. What do you think of the Woman/Animal pictures in your 10 free books?
2. What do you think of the Lesbian pictures in your 10 free books?
3. What do you think of the orgy pictures in your 10 free books?
4. What do you think of the homosexual pictures in your 10 free books?

APPLICATION FORM

I here by apply for membership to the Committee of Ten Thousand. I agree to abide by the rules and to complete the questionnaire and return it to the Secretary within one month of receiving the 10 porno magazines. I enclose £5.00 to cover the costs of administration, processing and publishing of the Committee's findings.

Name:..

Address: ....

....

The Committee of Ten Thousand
130 Godwin Rd, Forest Gate, London, E.7. Callers Welcome.
Mon. - Fri 9.00 - 6.00 p.m. Sat 9.00 - 4.00 p.m.

ASTROLOGICAL SEXOSCOPE

• MONTHLY FORECAST OF YOUR LOVE LIFE and SEX LIFE

By SCORPIOS

MEET CARLA – This is the lovely Carla – a top film actress in Italy. Carla sees herself as a new Linda Lovelace, but she is also a superb actress, singer, dancer and all round entertainer. A lot of her work takes her into nightclubs. This brings her into contact with strippers – Carla has always fancied herself doing a strip. She invited us into her bedroom and did a strip just for you our readers. We hope you like this strip sequence, if it appeals to you please write into us and we will repeat it in future months.

Carla is a Cancer girl born on June 27th – so she accompanies this month's Astrological Sexoscope on Cancer.

CANCER

June 22nd – July 23rd.

LUCKY NUMBER: 9
LUCKY COLOUR: Indigo
LUCKY METAL: Brass
LUCKY STONE: Sapphire
LUCKY DAYS: Monday, Thursday, Sunday

CANCER MAN:

Flamboyant and aggressive. Strong willed and intense. A good scholar or at least an intellectual. If not – very accomplished in many fields. Healthy and fit and robust. A tendency to argue overmuch and this goes with rather a superiority complex. Good natured nevertheless and generous when this is necessary. Fond of animals, children and old folk.

CANCER WOMAN:

Sharp witted and sharp tempered at times. A sense of humour liable to get cynical at times and maybe a trifle sarcastic. Keen on sports and able to hold her own in male company. Makes a good business woman if love and marriage do not wean her away from this. Usually well-built and attractive in rather an aggressive fashion but capable of being very feminine.

The Married Man

A good husband and father but apt to rule with a rod of slightly too much iron. Usually marries young but hardly has to repent at leisure or at any time. He makes a good home-builder and is very good about the house generally. Thrifty and therefore good with household cash. He will be fond of travel and will be likely to want to take his family abroad when funds allow.

The Married Woman

An excellent mother but somewhat of a hen-pecker where her husband is concerned. Fine with children and a rather snobbish tendency in her nature will demand the very best for them and for her home. Likely to marry a LEO male for best results in the future and she will be uncannily aware of this fact. Easy-going on cash and the sort of person to draw a lot to her through her strong personality and sex-appeal. Rather a social climber but if and when she gets there she holds her own and does everyone belonging to her considerable credit. She is likely to marry more than once but not because of separation or divorce, more likely through the loss of a first husband. Her home will always be spick and span and showing very good taste. Quite likely to be more than tolerant to in-laws and certainly to her own parents after she is married.

The Single Man

Could well be described as a tempestuous lover with the right partner. But this year will present him with a variety of partners and he will have some difficulty making up his mind if he has a mind to get married. The CANCERIAN man as a single fellow is good on his own and when he does get married he may regret the loss of his freedom which means a great deal to him. He is quite domesticated and makes out well on his own even if he is not exactly the thrifty sort and tends to go off at a tangent with his money. He has a strong character where women are concerned – and he can be trusted by them.

The Single Woman

Could become an unmarried mother or a Common Law wife but in this day and age what matters? She is not very prone to wanting to be tied down but when she is she is good at her job as wife and mother. As a single woman she will like to make the most of her freedom and it will not be beyond her to be rather adventurous sexually. But she will know how to take care of herself and she will be a match for any man. She looks after her own home as a single girl and is kind to her parents. As a single person – the CANCERIAN girl can be quite a money-spinner and since she is thrifty this will go a long way. She has good fashion sense and is artistic in many ways. This year may well see her launched on a rather interesting career in the arts – even though it may only be part-time.

Social Life

The CANCERIAN man is in for a good time socially this year and a sporting life will appeal to those who have a yen for it. He is more of a man's man privately although of course he has his adventures with women and as a husband he is super. But he likes the company of other men and will be more than ever popular this year. Sometime towards the end of the year there will be an extra special social event that will do him a great deal of good as far as making new friends and im-

proving his position at work is concerned. The CANCERIAN woman has everyone at her feet socially this year, particularly as it draws to a close. Her innate organising ability is going to stand her in very good stead and she may well be given a social position of some considerable responsibility.

Domestic Life

On the whole, happy and harmonious but there may be a little pressure from relatives later on this year. Certain longed for improvements in the home will at last be possible for the CANCERIAN woman and girl and cash will easily be forthcoming from a surprise source to put

Continued on page 57.

PLAYBIRD'S OPINION

WHITHER SEX?

BY MICHAEL WALSH

In the last edition we looked at SEX FOR FUN and the way that this international passtime has developed over the last hundred years. We also considered the ways in which sex for fun might develop over the next hundred years but nowhere is there as much scope for such development as in the fields of sexual aids which we will now consider in greater detail.

The trouble with modern sexual aids is that they are too expensive. A correspondent wrote to a men's magazine some time ago complaining that an erection cream he was using cost nearly £2 a tube and lasted him just over three weeks. The man's complaint was not that his particular cream didn't work (and some don't without the presence of a woman and some vigorous massage of the penis, conditions under which most of us would find it difficult not to get an erection) but that the correspondent was in a position to purchase the ingredients for less than 2/- to make his own cream!

I'm less than sure that the man was telling the truth for imported sexual aid medicaments are notoriously short on technical information. However, even if he was right in his claim, he seems to have missed the point. To use a whole tube up in three weeks means that he wasn't exactly going short of sex and if the cream wasn't available he'd have been getting no sex at all! One might therefore argue that all sexual aids are cheap at any price so long as they work and it appears to be on this premise that the industry is based.

First of all the demand for sexual aids of any description apart from birth control preparations is relatively small though rising. Another factor is that relatively few of these devices are consumed by use. Once you've bought a vibrator or a rubber woman you've got it for good unless it is damaged physically beyond use. Most sexual aids therefore cannot be compared with car tyres or shoes or any other consumable which is going to require frequent replacement. Thirdly, sexual aids are invariably maintenance free being simple devices which have no moving parts. The glass bells of pneumatic erection inducers used to break if dropped and would require renewing but are now often made from shatterproof polymers. A rubber woman can be repaired with a cycle inner tube patch, clitoral stimulators are relatively cheap to buy and would be replaced rather than repaired anyway.

Adding together these factors of low demand, no repeat sales and no service and the result no matter what you are selling is a high price for the commodity. Therefore the only way out for the manufacturers is to expand the market and to come up with new lines and my guess is that they will do both.

If I am right, this will only be the continuation of a trend which started in the early Victorian period gathering momentum from time to time and particularly in the early 1960's with the introduction of new plastics and relaxation of pornography laws in certain Scandinavian countries, notably Sweden. I have seen a catalogue produced in 1879 by an American company which offered masturbation aids for both sexes, primitive clitoral stimulators, sado/masochism paraphinalia, items of wear of interest to infantalists and index merchants and coyly titled sex education literature by the library.

I rather doubt if the catalogue of 2075 will be much different except in the following respects:-

1. Literature available will probably be 10% sex education 20% stimulating fictional pornography and 70% video cartridges.
2. The masturbation devices may have all been replaced by a single cream which causes temperature changes on the skin by a progressive series of chemical reactions. This would result in a climax for either sex.
3. The lotions and creams for which there is a demand in 1975 will probably still be featured together with a few new ones. Whilst erection creams and ejaculation retardants might be cheap, the equivalent of £1 today, the newer preparations would be more expensive. I would expect the list to include a salve to enable the man to repeat, temperature regulating vagina creams, "wipe off" depilatory unctions and sensetising liquids to enhance the feelings from sexual contact.

SEX FOR REPRODUCTION

The second purpose of sex, apart from having fun with it, is to perpetuate the human race. Obviously there will still be reproductive sex but for purely ecological reasons the free-for-all which has existed until now will be a thing of the past. It has already been calculated that by the year 2,000 a.d. the population boom will have saturated the Earth's food resources and though poorer races will no doubt be getting by on manufactured protein (and perhaps even manufactured carbohydrate) by 2075, even the wealthier nations will need to regulate their birth rates carefully in order that everyone can eat.

This will probably be achieved by some political system of negative family allowance whereby punitive taxes are levied on families of more than one child per parent. Thus in a commune of six (I see the family system giving much ground to communal living by 2075 a.d.) there would be a tax levy after the twelfth child. However, the desire to procreate in Western societies might be tempered in a century by increasing bisexual awareness. There is a school of thought which believes that 100% heterosexuality is exceptional in both sexes and that 100% homosexuality is equally rare. Most people, according to this theory are about 60% to 90% one sex or the other with 10% to 40% of the sexual instincts of the opposite sex. One might construct the following table:-

100%	Clinical Male	Clinical female
90%	Normal Male	Normal female
80%	Normal male with mild and repressed homosexual tendency	Normal female with mild and repressed homosexual tendency.
70%	Male with homosexual tendency	Female with homosexual tendency
60%	Butch homosexual	Femme lesbian
50%	Pure bisexual	Pure bisexual
40%	Bisexual with slight preference for homosexual activity, passive role	Bisexual with slight preference for lesbian activity, active role
30%	Homosexual with slight heterosexual interests. Active in the homo. mode, passive in the hetero mode.	Lesbian with slight heterosexual interests. Active in the homo. mode, passive in the hetero mode
20%	Camp homosexual	Butch lesbian
10%	Camp femme homosexual.	Dyke lesbian
0%	Whatever clinical sex, no satisfying sexual relationship can be established with any other group. Individuals may yearn for sex change in an attempt to cross the sides of the table.	

The percentage sexuality down the LHS of the table are only rough guidelines, there will obviously be shades of grey in between.

The protagonists of the universal bisexuality theory would have us believe that 'normal' people have only 70% to 80% of their own clinical sexuality and, in a suitably educated (or indoctrinated) frame of mind would form homosexual relationships more readily than they do now. All I can say is that if this does come about by 2075 a.d., I'm glad I won't be around to see it!

Apart from punitive taxation and increasing bisexuality, pressure from religious and political organisations together with a public stress on the 'fun' nature of sex might all conspire to effect the necessary lowering of the world birth rate. At the same time, I have no doubt that medical science will progress in parallel to make child bearing ever easier. This is because scientific knowledge about conception and contraception has always advanced in tandem in the past. The stress has so far been on aids to conception but since ecological realisation of the population explosion, the opposite has been true. Aids to conception have still developed in the last 20 years, the most spectacular being the gonadotrophin fertility drug.

This was introduced as a sort of manure for barren wombs and in most cases when it is used there is either no success or the requisite baby. The drug is quite unpredictable however and multiple births as a result of the fertility drug are depressingly common. I say 'depressingly' so because when these multiple births do occur, the babies often die. The last case I read about were the quads delivered by a Lancashire woman in 1974, November. Two of the babies died at once, the other two were reported to be 'struggling', then there was an ominous silence.

No doubt fertility drug will undergo further development and may be specific (producing only one healthy child) before long. However, the chances are that gonadotrophin therapy might be losing ground by 2075 to Test Tube babies. It has been the gynaecologist's dream since the dawning of the science to create human life without the need to have the baby carried by the mother. There are numerous advantages here:-

1. The development of the feotus could be monitored and any signs of feotal illness or abnormality could be cured. Every mother could, if she wished, demand and get a perfect baby every time.
2. The inconvenience to the mother of carrying the child, not to say the pain of delivering it, would be a thing of the past.
3. Infant mortality would drop to about nil. In particular, damage to the child at birth, such as is caused by controversial 'forceps' delivery, would disappear together with emergencies like lateral lie and breech birth.

I don't propose to go into detail as this subject is rather beyond the scope of a sexual entertainment magazine but the technology to do this, to produce test tube babies, is almost available now. The reason why progress in this field will be limited is because until the population explosion enforces development of this technology, there are political, religious and social pressure to be overcome. Just to illustrate this briefly, the 'Mad Scientist' of science fiction would be at liberty to breed as many babies as he wanted, for any purpose at all, given a supply of female eggs and male sperm. Doesn't the thought make your blood run cold!

Therefore Test Tube babies will only be a reality when the controls have all been carefully worked out and when international agreements on population control commend its introduction. An interesting speculation, having reached this stage, would be to consider the incidence of rape whilst all this noble work to stem the population growth was going on.

My own guess is that if reprosex ever does become the subject of political manipulation in the negative sense, as opposed to the Family Allowance type of deal which is positive interference, the incidence of rape will increase. At the moment, rape seems to be slightly rare in the UK than it used to be, perhaps because of the freer availability of erotic literature. If the concept of rape can validly be argued on a supply and demand basis, surely the removal of reprosex even mildly out of public control will produce more frequent rapes as part of a general backlash?

Whilst most women will wish to produce their own children and will need some sort of pressure to take part in the birth of a test tube offspring, will not a few men see the automation of reproduction as a type of intellectual castration and develop an inner need to prove their manhoods? The fact is that we just don't know what will go on in the mind of a man whose wife has reprosex by machine but I imagine the odd satyromaniacal reaction is inevitable. Multiply this by the population of the earth and you get a global increase in rape and

A NEW SORT OF 'PLAYBOY' HITS SOHO!

PLAYBOY
CINEMA CLUB
TUNNELS

I've just come away from a Playboy Club which would make any 'Bunny' blush all over her pretty arse.

The Playboy Cine Club at 28 Wardour Street, 437 3768 (no connection with the Park Lane establishment) is the hottest porno film club to hit the West End – ever. Plenty of genuine fucking and sucking, in fact everything heterosexual goes. You have to be a member to get in and membership takes one hour – if you are elected by the committee. It's more than worth a visit.

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kindred assaults. If this went on for any length of time, the crime might attract much more 'respectability' than it has in good old 1975.

Political counter-measures would probably run along the lines of much more public sex than we can see today. Pornography would (at last) have to be legal everywhere, films, literature, video and T.V. which the 1975 pornographer would deem dangerous might become commonplace and in fullness of time, the public would react to this by taking sex pretty well for granted. One might get lovers openly coupling in the parks, seaside nudity would be commonplace, public buildings might have to bear notices restraining those who used them for mating in the corridors!

This of course isn't the end of it. I'm speculating on the logical continuation of a chain reaction, triggered by something which may never come to pass. The nett result will be a continuing series of sexual clampdowns and revolutions, the backlash from one leading to the reaction to the next and so on. As in the past, the frequency of these changes will be of about the same order as technical progress, the scale a direct function of the potential of the new technology.

For the theoretician, reprosex offers by far the most scope for exercising the grey matter. I've not begun to explore all the possibilities for the next century, let alone the next millenia. Some other topics which space prevents me from dissertating in greater detail:-

SEX UNDER DRUGS

The medical preparations used with sex until 1964 were all relatively useful and predictable, as far as Western civilisation is concerned anyway. Virility tablets, lubricating oils, alleged aphrodisiacs, ejaculation retardants, erection creams and so forth. Then along came tetrahydrocannabinol and lysergicacid diethylamide, Pot and L.S.D. to you. Whilst being both dangerous in their different ways, not to say illegal, those who used them regardless soon found that these drugs could heighten sexual experience. Both have known aphrodisiacal effects to start with, the effects of the drug under the right conditions are claimed to take matters one step further. So is it not at all possible that by 2075 there might be drugs available without the addictive, narcotic or downright dangerous effects of hash and LSD but which still heighten sexual experience? Too right it's possible, I'd not be at all surprised if such drugs don't find their way onto the market before the turn of the millenia, let alone 75 years later!

DEFERMENT OF THE MENOPAUSE

At the moment, Western women seem to experience the change of life at the age of 50 give or take a few years. There is reason to think that this is a few years later than the average age in 1875 and one school of thought says that the menopause will strike later and later in life as a result of some human evolutionary process, as yet not understood. It would be very nice if the menopause could be dispensed with altogether since, for largely psychological reasons I can't deal with in depth here, it is often associated with frigidity. However, before postponment (or abolition) of the menopause comes about through natural selection, I imagine that medical – or perhaps surgical – techniques might soon be available to bring this phenomena about artificially. All we need is a little more information which will come with a little more time. Then 90-year-old grannies will be just as capable of enjoying a full sex life with their still active husbands as their 16-year-old great grand daughters!

EARLIER FERTILITY

Another general observation is that girls seem to be reaching puberty earlier. At the age of eight is less rare than it used to be and as late as 14 is now relatively uncommon. Just a guess but by 2075 a.d. I'd not be surprised if puberty at 6 was sometimes observed, 8 or 9 being usual and 12 late. This would reinforce my earlier theory that the age of consent will keep falling, to 15 by 2075 almost certainly and – exceptionally – perhaps as low as 10!

SUPERFERTILITY

I described earlier my theory that the advent of Test Tube Babies might produce more rape which might be countered by a blase public attitude to sex... and so on. If mechanisation of birth took over on a wide scale, it would not surprise me if, after a number of years, the human body adapted to this by producing multiple births instead of single births when in situ conception did occur, perhaps by accident. This has been observed in animal studies carried out in California a few years ago, I believe the researchers drew the analogy that the behaviour of the mice was equivalent to human mothers giving birth to triplets most times with single births being rare and ten or twelve-child clutches arriving exceptionally!

Well there's a few thoughts to keep you occupied the next time the wife's feeling a bit broody and you decide to try a couple without the Durex to see what happens! But it's nothing to Walsh's final predictions in next month's issue when he talks about the Politics of Sex. We're not giving away any secrets because you just won't believe it until you've followed the trains of Michael Walsh's logic for yourselves. You'll probably be shocked (and you know we don't use the word lightly in this magazine!) and you'll certainly wonder if you've perhaps been born too soon.

Just to give you a tiny clue, Walsh's discussion on the possible development of prostitution kept the sub-editor who worked on it awake for three nights! But there's more, lots more...

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TINA

PLAYBIRD OF THE MONTH

THE UNDOING OF FRANCIS WARBURTON

I had my first chance to go on the stage when I was sixteen. We did a little concert at the Church Hall, and I did a dance. There was a gentleman in the audience who thought that I had plenty of talent, and he persuaded my mother and father that I would do well in London. He must have been very persuasive to convince them, because my father was a strict man. However, Mr Charles said that he would take care of me, he had a large house in London, staffed by many servants, and he would be my patron, making sure that I would come to no harm.

He met me at the station, I was a timid creature, nervous and frightened with all the bustle. He took my arm and guided me to a hansom. He was so kind to me, allaying my fears and comforting me by patting my knee on the long journey to his home.

glistened with moisture. I had once seen my father in the tin bath, but his had never been like that, stiff and long. He came towards me and fondled over my breasts again, then suddenly leaned forward, the monster brushing over my nipples, leaving a sticky trail of moisture behind.

"Touch my dick," he murmured.

I did as he bade me, my small hand going over the thick shaft. His breathing deepened, and his eyes closed.

"You are indeed a beautiful wench," he said, squeezing hard on my breasts. "Such lovely tits, your cunt will be tight and warm, made to fit my dick."

His words fired me, and I felt my knickers get damp. His dick wasn't a monster any more, it was a thing of beauty, and I yearned to have it as part of me. He pushed me back on the bed and pulled my knickers down, gazing lustfully between my thighs. His eyes weren't soft and warm any more, they blazed with a fiery light. I jerked my body as his fingers touched lightly up and down my virginal slit. I was filled with an emotion I did not understand, for some strange reason I wanted his dick to go into me, down there, between my wide open thighs. But it was when he kissed me I moaned out loud. His tongue flickered over me, and when his hands went under my bottom I raised myself so that he could kiss me deeper. I could feel the moisture running from me, my loins were on fire, my breasts ached, the nipples were very stiff. Then he came over me, kissing my face hotly and murmuring how lovely and desirable I was, and that he wanted to fuck me. His dick prodded at my cunt, it was so thick, I felt sure that it would not enter me. Then there was a sharp pain, and my cunt was full. His body moved fast, thudding into me, his lips wet on my neck, one hand held my bottom, his other hand on my breast, teasing it. Then I was filled with a hot liquid that burned into me, setting me alight. My fingers scratched his face, I cried out, my cunt jerking as the most marvellous sensations swept through me. I was sorry when his dick slid away, I wanted it to remain inside me forever.

He rose to his feet, and to my dismay I saw spots of blood on his shirt lap. He had done something to my inside! I started to cry, and he sat on the bed, comforting me. "It is nothing my little darling," he murmured, kissing my trembling breasts. "You were a virgin, you are not a virgin now, the blood has made you a complete woman. Now get into your bed my dear and sleep well. I will come to you tomorrow."

I didn't sleep much that first night. I lay awake and thought about what Mr Charles had done to me. My cunt felt sore, yet there was a strange happiness in me. I found myself wanting to feel his dick again, I wanted that feeling as he had spent inside me. I put my hand between my thighs and touched my cunt gently. It felt no different on the surface. I pushed my finger inside, and I shivered, my nipples going hard immediately. I moved my finger in and out, finding that I received the most pleasure when I touched a little muscle at the top part of my cunt. I concentrated on that until with a cry, that marvellous feeling shot through my loins again. I had discovered a secret in my body my mother had never told me about, that if I touched a certain part the pleasure would be tremendous.

The following morning a maid brought me tea and toast. She was a saucy young lady with mischievous eyes.

"Did you sleep well?" she murmured.

"Er... yes," I replied. "No, don't go Mary. How long have you worked in this house?"

"Two years, since I was sixteen miss."

"Please call me Francis," I said. "Do you know the master well?"

She blushed and gazed at the carpet. "Very well, Francis."

"Has he fucked you?"

Her head jerked up in amazement at the candour of my question. "Why do you ask such an intimate thing Francis?"

"Because last night Mr Charles did that to me. I was a virgin until he took my body and fucked it. I... I found it most pleasurable Mary, and I have lain awake all night thinking about what he did. My mother told me there was no pleasure in... in doing that."

Mary smiled gently at me. "Your mother is a person to be pitied. My mother told me that to be rogered was a pleasant experience, and it was done to me when I was thirteen by my uncle. But when one gets married, one should not show pleasure, or your husband will think you a whore. Telling him what he did to me would be foolish.

I sat up in bed and told her exactly what had happened, from the first moment I opened the door to him. She listened, her eyes wide, her lips apart, and I noticed, she kept licking them, as though she was nervous. When I had finished she took a deep breath.

"The next time he rogers you will be even more beautiful, there will be no pain at all, just the long thrust of his hot cocky in your quim." I saw that she was looking at the front of my nightgown, and I blushed. She leaned forward and gently touched my breast.

"The master was right Francis, you have firm lovely tits!"

My nipple hardened under her touch, and I watched her as if in a dream as she untied the bow that held the top of my nightgown together. Her hand was warm and soft as she fondled me, much in the same way as Mr Charles had done, but her hand was smoother. She lowered her head and kissed the throbbing tit, and I thrust my hand between my thighs to rub the itch. I hardly noticed her pulling back the sheets from me, I was in such a pleasurable daze. Her hand pulled mine from between my legs, and I heard myself moan as her smooth finger touched the muscle I had been tormenting all night.

"Listening to you tell me what the master did, has made m me feel whorish," she murmured. I widened my thighs and cried out with joy when she pressed her lips on my cunt, her tongue licking into me deeply. She had moved onto the bed with me, and I lifted her dress and gazed at her knickers which covered her lovely cunt. When I touched her, her tongue went deeper. I realised that she too wanted her cunt touching, so I drew down her knickers until her bottom was bare. I could see the puffy slit and wisps of dark brown hair curling from under her. Aaahh, but her cunt was slippery as I fingered it, and her muffled cries made me want to do more to her.

"Come to me Mary," I gasped, "I want to kiss your cunty!"

She wriggled until she was astride my face, and I could see her hole, gaping and lovely. I had never realised how beautiful a cunt was, and it was no wonder that Mr Charles had wanted mine so much. The taste of her moisture made me lift up my bottom to make more of her lustful kisses. We were fastened to each for a long time, until with a cry, that marvellous feeling shuddered through. I felt Mary quiver, and her cunt pressed closer on my face, the moisture coming from her, wetting me with her pleasure. That feeling had raced through her as well.

She got from the bed and pulled her knickers back up, her dark hair in disarray, the rouge gone from her face. I looked between my white thighs, there were smudges of red, and for a moment I thought I had bled again, but it was her rouge that had smeared me. I pulled the sheet back up my glowing body, at peace with everything and everybody.

"We will talk again Francis," she murmured, kissing me on the forehead. "Stay in bed awhile and think of the beautiful times that are in store for you, the master's cock, hard and thick, in your quim, and then my lips on you, kissing until you spend." I dozed off to sleep, my mind filled with such wonderful thoughts, my hand resting on my cunt.

It was almost noon before I awoke to find Mr Charles standing by my bed, a smile on his face.

"I have made an appointment for you to see a famous producer, Francis. You are to be at his office at three this afternoon. He is looking for a chorus girl to be in his new show. I have recommended you most profoundly."

"Thank you Mr Charles," I said happily. "I don't know how to thank you."

"Don't you my dear?" he whispered, pulling the sheet back and exposing my body to his gaze. I watched him breathlessly as he took down his trousers and showed me his redded dick. I opened my legs and accepted him gratefully, my cunt already wet, my dreams had been so erotic.

Mary was correct, he fucked me until I spent three times before he sent his sperm into me. There was no pain, just bliss and ecstasy. Indeed I didn't want him to leave me, but he told me it was impossible, his dick had gone soft and would be some time before it hardened enough to fuck me again.

I had the luxury of a hot bath, and Mary helped me to prepare for my meeting with the producer.

"You must wear your finest undergarments," she said, picking out some pink silk knickers.

"But why should my undergarments matter?"

"He may want to roger you Francis, you must look your most desirable."

"But I am going on the stage, he won't

want to roger me."

"He will Francis, when he sees your lovely face and demure figure, his cock will stiffen and he will want to roger you. I have a friend who is in the theatre, and she is often rogered. She doesn't like cock as much as you and I do, to her it is a duty, with you it will be a pleasure as well."

Mr Charles accompanied me to the office in the theatre, saying that he would call for me in one hour.

"Mr Brown may want to see your legs my dear, do not be timid of showing them, in the chorus you will be required to show some of your legs. Be polite and well mannered and you should get a part in the show."

My heart was beating painfully as I was shown into Mr Brown's office, He was a fat man, with a bristly moustache, a stern expression on his face as he stared at me.

"Sit down wench!" he snapped, "and don't hover by the door, I'll not bite you."

I sat in a chair, my hands folded on my lap for what seemed an age, then he put down his pen and stared at me.

"Charles says that you have talent Miss Warburton, but that is for me to judge. Now, you have danced in a village show, that isn't much recommendation I'm afraid." He got up and went to a grand piano. "I will play you some music and I want you to dance to it, how you feel." He began to play a popular tune and I danced around the office, Mr Brown watching me intently.

"Lift your dress wench, throw your legs higher!"

I lifted my skirt to my waist, kicking out my legs, conscious that he would be able to see the tops of my stockings, and the red garters I was wearing. The music got faster and faster until I was exhausted. At last he stopped playing and came over to me, resting his hands on my shoulders.

"You have a good sense of timing my dear, you shoould fit in admirably." His hand pulled up my dress, and I felt his fingers rub across the gusset of my knickers. "Watching you dance has raised a desire in me. Tell me wench, have you been rogered?"

I said that I had.

"Good," he said, unfastening my dress and slipping it from my shoulders. "You have firm breasts, you will be very popular with the young men." He touched my nipples and they erected immediately. Bending his head he kissed one, his hand now inside my knickers stroking my cunt.

"I like a wench who wets," he muttered, pushing me towards the grand piano until I was leaning on my elbow. He pulled my knickers down, and after a few moments of fumbling I felt his hot dick pressing open my cunt lips. I moved my legs apart, bending my knees to make his carnal approach easier. He was panting heavily as he thrust in and out, leaning back so that I could see his face getting redder and redder.

"Indeed wench," he grunted, "You have a tight quim, not many cocks have rogered you."

Suddenly he was kissing me, his moustache pricking my face, and his sperm shot up. A tremor went through me, and I held him tight, not wanting him to come out of me. When he did slide from me I looked at his limp dick with regret, I wanted so much more.

"Yes, you will do Miss Warburton. Report at this theatre in two weeks time." My eyes were still fastened on his wet dick, not any bigger than half a cucumber. "What are you staring at wench, did my cock not satisfy you?"

"Yes, sir, but it seems so small now."

He laughed uproariously. "Indeed Miss Warburton, you have much to learn. Be off with you, and do not be late, ten a.m. in two weeks time to the day."

I pulled my knickers back up and straightened my hair.

Mr Charles was waiting for me outside the theatre. I hugged him as I told him I had got the job.

"I knew you would," he smiled. "Gib Brown can always spot talent. No doubt he fucked you!" I blushed at his remark and did not answer, but climbed in the hansom. On the way back he suddenly thrust his hand up my dress and touched my cunt.

"As I thought," he murmured, "he did roger you, and, I have the feeling that you yearn for more. I will see to that when we arrive at my house."

This time he took me to his bed and he fucked me raptorously until I thought I could spend no more. I had been in London less than twenty four hours, and two virile men had taken my body, and one woman had kissed it. I was certainly a woman now!

For the next two weeks Mr Charles showed me around London, introducing me to people he thought would help my career. I was his protege and he was proud of me. He bought me fashionable clothes, taking great care in choosing my undergarments. Some were specially imported from Paris, France, and I considered them very daring. My mother would have had the vapours had she seen them. I wore black silk stockings, held in place by garters. Mr Charles hated the suspender belt, considering it most unfeminine. He did some very odd things, at least I thought them odd at the time, but as I grew older, I discovered that many men were the same. He liked me to parade around his room dressed in my black stockings and garters, with but a flimsy covering on my breasts. He would take his dick out and rub it, his eyes never leaving me. His sperm would shoot from his dick, going many feet. Seeing him spend so copiously made me want to do the same, then he would ask me to sit on his bed, open my legs wide and touch my cunt until I spent. Often, at the moment of my spending, he would throw himself on my open body, his dick now thick again, and fuck me.

Mary, the housemaid, and myself would often be together in just our undergarments, kissing and playing with each other until we spent deliciously. I did not know which I preferred, Mary's warm lips on my cunt, or Mr Charles's hard cock inside me. If I went a day without spending I became fretful and irritable.

The two weeks passed and I presented myself at the theatre on time. There were five other young ladies present, they were to be part of the chorus. A slim young man sat at the piano while a rather severe lady taught us the steps. It was very hard work, and Miss Clarendon kept us at it for hour after hour. One of the other girls, Clara, had been in various shows, she was a few years older than I and very experienced. She took me under her wing and looked after me.

"When the show opens," she told me one morning, "there will be hordes of young men at the stage door, eager to be with you. Pick your man carefully my dear, he will dine you and send you flowers, but he will have one thing foremost in his mind, and that will be the slit between your legs. Use it right Francis, and it will become a diamond mine for you. Elizabeth Hughes, the star, started in the chorus, like you and I, and look at her now. She is rich, her husband is a Lord. He courted her with diamonds, she gave him her body and he was hers. With his influence she left the chorus and got a large part. It is the dream of every chorus girl to marry into nobility, you will be flattered by the attention

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you receive, and no doubt you will roger with a different man every night, but do not fall in love until you meet a man who can help you."

I took her advice, and although I met many young men, and shared their beds with pleasure, I did not fall in love.

One evening Clara took me aside. "There is to be a party," she whispered. "Lord Bertram wants members of the cast to attend his home in Belgravia. I must warn you of what will be expected. The girls will dance naked and be expected to roger with any man who desires them. At the end of the party you will receive five sovereigns in payment. Do you wish to attend?"

"Oh yes, Clara," I said, eagerly. "Will there be other lords, and dukes, and counts?" She smiled and patted my face. "Yes Francis, there will be nobility present, but beware, although they are of the highest in the land, they can be like animals when their pricks are stiff and there are many open slits awaiting a rogering. It will not all be fun, two men may want you at the same time."

That puzzled me, how could two men fuck me at the same time?"

There was a row of cabs waiting at the stage door on the night of the party. I went with Clara, I felt I would need her advice before the event was over!

The house was quite the largest I had ever been in, and, but for the girls of the chorus, no other females were present. To my surprise the men were rather old. For the first hour everything was alright, then a man came to Clara and whispered something in her ear. She beckoned me across.

"Time for us to give our show," she murmured. "Get the rest of the girls and follow me." We went into a bedroom and Clara told us to undress down to our stockings and garters. This we did and returned to the large drawing room. The gentlemen were seated in a circle, an expectant look on their faces. As we entered they burst into applause, like the audience did in the theatre. A man was seated at the piano, and at a nod from Clara, played one of the numbers from the show. It seemed strange dancing with just stockings and garters on, I knew that every time I kicked my legs high, my cunt was plainly visible. Clara was the first to go, an elderly man suddenly got to his feet, his face a beetroot red, and grasped her arm, leading her from the room. Then it was my turn. A gentleman came over to me, smiled graciously and asked me if I would accompany him to another room.

The room was fit for a queen to sleep in, a huge four poster bed hung with tapestries. I was naked apart from my stockings, so he didn't have to undress me. He took me in his arms and covered my face, neck and tits with wet kisses. I could feel his dick hardening and I felt a great desire to hold it in my hand.

"Sir," I murmured. "If you will step back but a moment, I will unfasten your trousers and fondle your weapon."

When I unfastened his trousers I stared with dismay at the puny dick confronting me. It was so small, Mr Charles's dick was bigger than that when he had fucked me and gone soft! I lay on the four poster and opened my thighs wide, showing him my cunt, hoping that his dick would enlarge and thus be able to fill my hole. I was indeed in need of a good rogering, dancing naked had made me want something inside me. He came over me, his face very red and perspiring, his little dick held in his hand as though it was a branch. I felt him enter me, and his body rising and falling as he panted and heaved above me. To my surprise I felt the inside of my cunt respond, little flutters that ran through me, until I was clutching his jacket in insane passion. His sperm trickled from him, and he came from me, exhausted. I could have wept, I was so disappointed, just as I had started to want more, he had finished.

He fastened his trousers up, hiding his puny dick from my lustful eyes, then threw a sovereign onto my belly.

"You screw up well little filly," he murmured. "Stay where you are and I will send my son to you, his cock is virile and strong, he will screw you until you have the vapours!"

EDS NOTE:
Watch out for the next instalment of this ribald tale of Victorian depravity. Francis learns how to take two... and even three... men at the same time. And also, how her yearning for more and more cock leads her to a fashionable brothel, where she meets Mrs Borderer, a woman in her thirties who had satisfied thousands of men, from a street cleaner to an Earl. Remember, only in this magazine can you read The Undoing Of Francis Warburton.

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CANCER

Continued from page 44.

everything into action at long last. An elder child may cause a little trouble later this year involving problems at school but tact and patience will soon resolve this. CANCERIAN girls are warned against temptations for extra-marital affairs as the year goes on. CANCERIAN mothers will do well to keep a wary eye on their eldest daughters during that time. Job difficulties may arise and promotion that is more or less expected may not be realised.

MONEYMAKING

Businesswise, the CANCERIAN male may have it all his own way this year if he handles his workmates tactfully and plays his cards skilfully. There may be a temptation to invest savings in some scheme or other but this should strongly be resisted. Improvements at work and possible promotion will offset any money that might be lost in any chancy investment. The part-time working CANCERIAN female has new offers

made to her this summer that should not be neglected. A largish pools win is forecast for some lucky CANCERIAN male over thirty years of age before winter sets in. News from abroad may have a slightly disturbing influence in the home and may affect the woman more than the male. But since the news could possibly involve some financial improvement it will not be bad news just rather complicated in concept. Property viewed abroad this year on holiday – probably in Spain may be rather tempting but great care must be exercised before any firm decisions are made. Those CANCERIAN men and women who are keen

on games of chance, a flutter on the horses or the dogs, games of bingo, even the more sophisticated pursuits such as baccarat and roulette may have good luck this year, so a little cash put on one side for such opportunities will not be amiss. The man or woman working as a self-employed person will find many difficulties being swept aside as the year goes on and small businesses have every chance of showing a fairly reasonable profit before the end of the financial year. All-in-all a year to be reckoned with and happy times could well lie ahead as a result of care taken over this year's money matters.

SPECIAL NOTE FOR CANCERIANS

Healthwise this will be a very good year for cures for various little ailments that may have been dogging men and women under the Sign of Cancer for many years. But a warning is given that accident-prone CANCERIANS will do more than well to watch over themselves this year as small but irritating accidents may occur where cars or means of transport such as cycles are concerned. Small accidents in the home are also possible, but care and caution will help overcome these.

As far as the health of near relatives is concerned there may be illnesses in the family with the very old but the recovery-rate will be high so there will be no real fear. A lot of illness may be psychosomatic (of the mind) and therefore not serious. Gentle and kind treatment and understanding will help pull patients through and even better health will be enjoyed in the long run. CANCERIAN subjects are also warned against sudden fits of depression during the year that will be entirely without rhyme or reason and that will soon pass, leaving the immediate future appearing very rosy indeed.

INTIMATE INTERVIEW

Conducted by Gilbert Oakley, D.Psy.

We interview a girl of eighteen whose hobby is taking photographs of boys between the ages of sixteen and twenty one, in all states of dress or undress and under all conditions and circumstances. She lives alone in a smart little flat in Earl's Court, keeping herself well on her salary as personal secretary to the managing director of an engineering firm. She has no steady boyfriends but likes one-night stands, at which times she invariably uses her camera to advantage. She has ambitions to become a professional photographer, but her rather erotic outlook on camera-subjects would be rather restrictive. She is an elfish girl with dark hair, dark eyes and a small, trim and actually rather boyish figure. Her apparent boyishness, we felt, was a contributory factor towards her choice of camera subjects. And photography was a release of some sort for something else... her name, for the purpose of this taped interview, is Pat.

Pat. Yes, well, you've looked through my albums of photos. What do you think?

Gilbert Oakley. *Why do you concentrate so much on photographing boys?*

P. I think they make good subjects. I mean, look at that one taken in Trafalgar Square with those two boys in the fountain.

GO. *Yes, that's a good newspaper shot I would say. Why didn't you send it to a newspaper?*

P. I didn't think it good enough.

GO. *That one taken of the silent pool at Virginia Waters?*

P. A lovely one, so much play of light and shadow across the water.

GO. *There's a lot of light and shadow across the boy's bodies, too.*

P. Yes, isn't there?

GO. *The boys are stark naked.*

P. Yes, I do realise that.

GO. *Did they realise you were taking them?*

P. No.

GO. *Did you let them know afterwards.*

P. No, I just left after I had had a good look.

GO. *A good look at the boys?*

P. Well, yes. They were about eighteen, or seventeen maybe. I thought they were pretty boys. And they looked nice playing in the grass without any clothes on.

GO. *How long did you stay watching them?*

P. About half an hour. I took one special shot of them I did not stick in the album.

GO. *What sort of special shot?*

P. I'll show you.

GO. *But this is a photo of one boy masturbating another boy while the third looks on.*

P. Yes, well, you see I felt it was a human interest shot you see.

GO. *It's a shot of homosexual activity.*

P. Oh yes, I well realise that alright.

GO. *Does male homosexuality interest you?*

P. It is not so much the homosexuality as it's the boys themselves. After all, there's only three pictures in the whole album showing anything like that and this one I've just shown you.

GO. *Then do I take it you are interested in photographing naked boys and youths because you admire young male nudity?*

P. I do admire male nudity, yes. On boys and young men at any rate.

GO. *Some of the photos in the album are very near the mark, I mean, photos of boys with erections and showing them off to you.*

P. They were all sixteen and over. I mean, not young boys.

GO. *Did you plan an outlet for these photos, a market for them?*

P. Oh good heavens no. They are just for my pleasure.

GO. *What kind of pleasure?*

P. Well, I like looking at nude boys and at snaps of boys, well, with erections and boys in pretty clothes.

GO. *Pretty clothes? Oh yes, there are six shots of six different youths wearing girls' clothes, wigs and make up and three of those shots show boys, in garterbelts and black stockings and girls' knickers but no wigs or makeup to show two more similar shots are girls so they look what they are, boys in drag, or in drag undies at any rate.*

P. I think they look beautiful in girls' undies. The ones with wigs and makeup look like girls and the last two without makeup look like pretty boys as they were in fact very pretty boys.

GO. *What did you do for these boys in return for them posing for you. Did you pay them?*

P. Some of them I paid. Otherse, I – I had sex with. You know, teaching them about girls sort of thing.

GO. *Did they readily have sex with you?*

P. Are you joking? They just loved it. And loved seeing themselves in the instant photos so believe me.

GO. *Did you think you might be corrupting any of them?*

P. How – corrupting? They are male and I am female and it was normal heterosexual sex?

GO. *They were young.*

P. But good heavens, boys of fifteen fuck girls today! Boys of sixteen and seventeen get married.

GO. *Well, alright then. The shots you told me you took of boys at home in your flat. No-one else with you while you took the shots?*

P. Never. Only me and the boy, or boys when two or three came. We would have records on and something to eat and a bit of booze you know and then I would say I would like to photograph them in their undies or nude and there was never any trouble. They would peel off in a jiffy.

GO. *Used you to have sex with one while others watched?*

P. Quite often, yes.

GO. *But didn't you think that was corrupting them?*

P. Not at all. It was normal boy-girl sex. There were no perversions. No backsides or boy masturbating boy.

GO. *Did boys touch you apart from intercourse?*

P. Some boys did want to know about oral love and I was always willing to go down on my boy and let him go down on me.

GO. *In front of the others?*

P. When there were others, yes. You sure your's not Old Bill?

GO. *Dead sure my dear Pat! Tell me, why did you dress up those boys in Girls' undies? Was not that likely to corrupt them to the transvestite side of life?*

P. We all laughed. It was always a joke. Never serious.

GO. *It was serious to you, though. Because you got a sexual kick out of seeing boys wearing knickers and garter belts and stockings?*

P. Yes. I'll be truthful. I'll admit it fascinated me.

GO. *But didn't it occur to you you might make them transvestite or effeminate or even homosexual?*

P. No because we always ended up having sex with them behaving like males.

GO. *Like having intercourse with you for instance?*

P. What could be more male than that?

GO. *Did you never get a boy to take a shot of you having sex with another boy?*

P. No, never.

GO. *Never give any of the boys photos of themselves to keep?*

P. Never that either.

GO. *Do you wish you had been born a boy?*

P. Why do you ask me that?

GO. *Because I think you do wish you had been born a boy and I think you like to take photos of nude boys and boys dressed up as a form of compensation to you for not being a boy yourself. I further suggest that quite often on your own here in your flat you masturbate while looking at photos of nude boys and that you are in love with the image of yourself as a boy and you transfer the pictures of the boys and pretend they are you and that that is the point of your orgasms. Self-love, but not*

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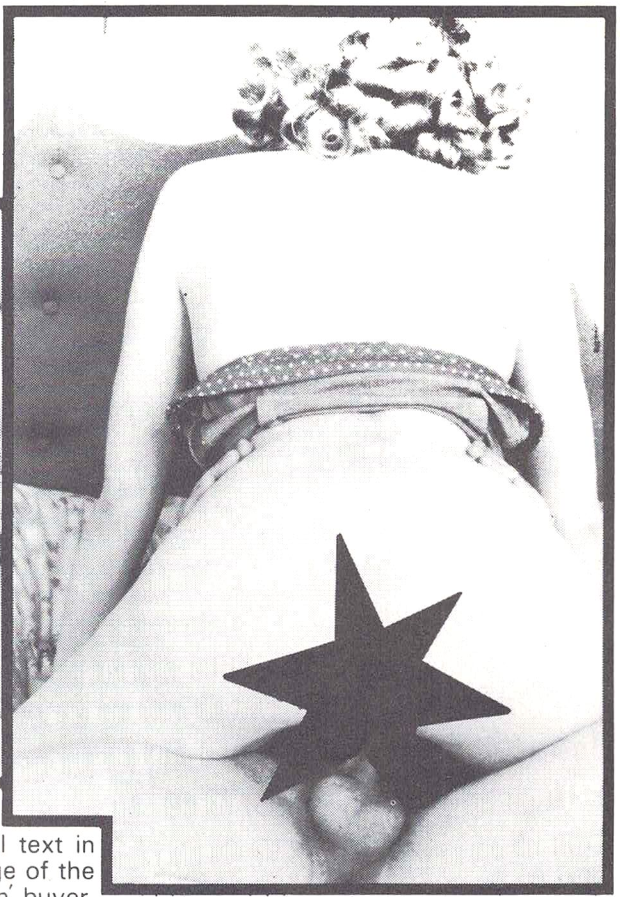

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These magazines contain the hardest pornography ever to be published in Britain. We would like to stress that their aim is to provide adults with sex entertainment. This inevitably means that the pictures are frank, explicit and unretouched. They feature close up action photos of the male and female genitals.
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love of yourself as a girl but love of yourself as the boy you can never be.

P. You've told me the lot now haven't you?

GO. *It's part of my job – after all.*

P. My parents wanted a boy. They made it only too plain to me all the time I lived with them. They dressed me up in trousers and shirts until I had to go to school and then while at home in the evenings and at weekends and always on holidays I was made to wear trousers and shirts again. Mother even made me wear boys underwear and never girls' knickers except when I was at school. But I will say this, I cannot entirely blame my parents. I have felt deep down inside me that I should have been a boy and not a girl and all you say is so true, that I like boys and take photos of them as sort of mirrors of what I should be and that I have sex with myself looking at their photos. What can I do about it all at eighteen?

GO. *You are completely heterosexual? There are no lesbain tendencies?*

P. None whatsoever thank goodness.

GO. *You must make efforts to feminise yourself. Stop wearing trousers all the time. Try skirts and dresses. Be feminine underneath as well. Go out and forget the young boys and get to know a few young men, even men in their thirties or so. Are your parents still alive?*

P. No. Mother died of breast cancer three years ago and my poor old dad, he just couldn't cope. He sort of faded away. He was fifteen years older than mum anyway.

GO. *Then you have no-one to answer to but yourself?*

P. That's too true. I do want, as I told you in my letter, to be a good professional photographer, commercial and advertising for instance.

GO. *In that sphere, there are plenty of dishy men you would meet and help you overcome this idea you have about being male, something which, after all, your parents inculcated into you in the very first place. Now they are both gone – you really owe them nothing at all.*

L. I know your advice is admirable and I will do all I can to follow it believe me.

GO. *Splendid!*

(And she did! She is now Staff Photographer for Land and ~~ir~~ Travel Corporation – handling tourist advertising campaigns and travelling world-wide on various assignments).

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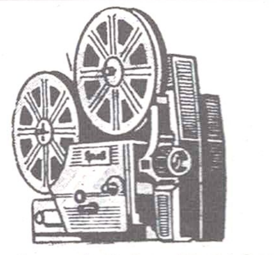

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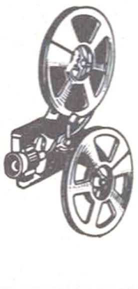

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CANDY

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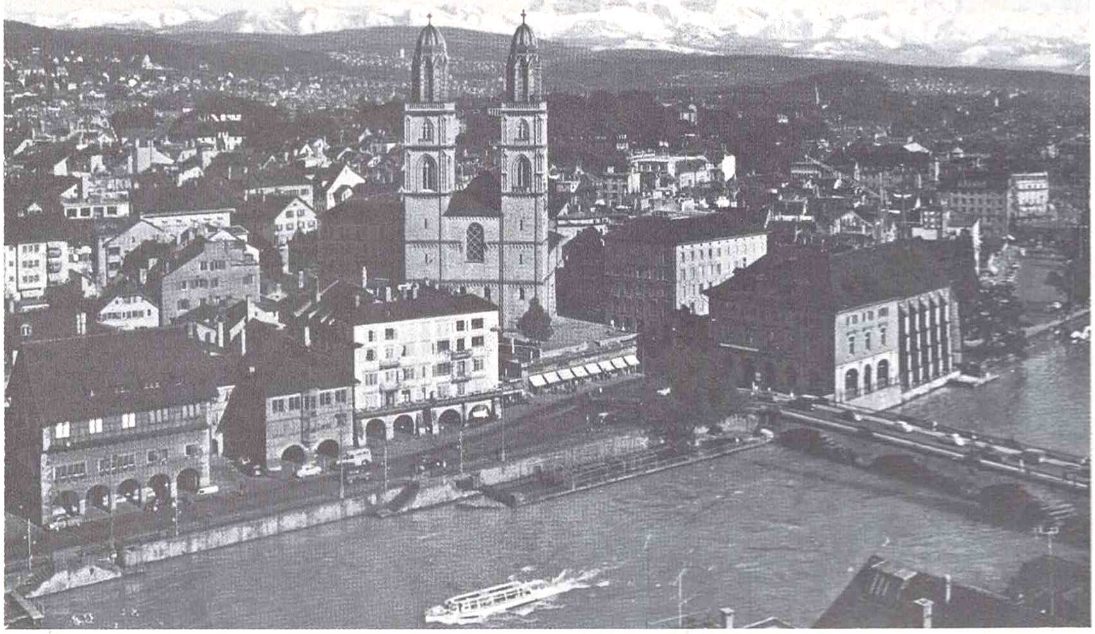

A SPECIAL INVESTIGATION INTO SWISS PROSTITUTION

BY **Barry Cock**

For some peculiar reason most people, if they ever think of the Swiss, think of them as bland bankers who wouldn't say boo to a goose. They are regarded as the complete neutrals, the sort of people who mind their own business and who somehow never seem to have any scandals to air, or scandals to hide either. And yet, as this shock report from our old friend, Barry Cock, shows, nothing could be further from the truth.

We don't propose to spoil it for you, so without any more chat we'll let Barry himself, surely one of the most painstaking and feared reporters of the international scene, tell you all about his exploits and adventures in the cuckoo-clock world of Swiss sex.

"Like most people I suppose that I never think about the Swiss either. They are a very odd race, you know. They are so immersed in business, and such is the united front that they give the world, that one might be forgiven for thinking of them as eunuchs or something like that. I mean, have you ever heard of a Swiss whore? Tell the truth and own up – you almost certainly have not. For the truth is that most people do tend to think of them as watchmakers, or cheese makers, or similar rather unexciting occupations. And yet in Zurich recently, after having heard mind-boggling reports about the prostitution scene there, I decided that I would have to investigate and see if it was possible that there might be a Swiss prostitution scene after all.

You will be shocked and dismayed, I am sure, to hear that indeed there is such a scene going on and that it is as bad if not much worse than the sort that is going on in a great many other European cities. So much so that I was obliged to stay beyond my intended three days, and in the end it took me ten days to pierce and unveil the complex prostitution scene that outrages the fair face of this otherwise clean city.

The trouble with Zurich is that like most cities in Switzerland it is very cosmopolitan. People of every nationality throng the streets, and for this reason there is a constant swarm of whores from all nations setting up in business there. Oddly enough the Swiss girls themselves are not very much in evidence but there are gangs of Swedes, Germans and French girls who ply for hire. And there are the English ones too – and it was from one of these that I got the complete low-down on the vice traffic of this marvellous metropolis, now a city of shame.

The visa-and-entry laws into Switzerland are pretty lax really. Girls can come across the border and do more or less what they like as long as they try not to offend public decency. And that term "public decency" is the key to the success of the whores in this country. For the Swiss believe above all in the appearance of this, and even if there were five million whores on the streets at any given time, as long as they kept up appearances then the Swiss would not object. If a whore should transgress the laws in Switzerland then usually she is quietly put across the border to the country of her choice. But most of the whores know this, and for that reason they take care not to break the laws too openly. Is it fair to say that the Swiss are hypocrites? Personally I think that it is.

But one way or the other there is no hiding the fact that there is a vast and profitable and flourishing traffic in vice in this town. I think that it is only fair to say that the principal reason for this is because there is so much money in the place. As we all know the Swiss are the custodians of most of the world's really big money fortunes, and for this reason there is an air of almost stifling wealth about Zurich. And where there is money there are whores, and the Swiss while seemingly virtuous on the surface, are very keen to sling their cash about on the girls.

Add to the above the fact that there are now an awful lot of Arabs doing business in Zurich and you have the nucleus of a rather wide-open town where vice is discreetly top of the pops. The businessmen who come here know this, and there is a whole stratum of sexual society getting its pleasure from the good time girls who abound in this odd town.

Which brings me to something else. I mentioned earlier that I met this English girl whose name was Nina. She looked like something that had stepped from an ad in Vogue. Cool, tall, very poised and very nicely groomed, she was the very last person you would ever think was a whore. She had keen blue eyes, titian hair and a near-perfect figure. And yet this girl was one of the super-whores of Zurich and each year she came here for three months and made herself a colossal fortune. And it was from Nina, who was not averse to talking about her herself under conditions of secrecy, that I learned most about this whores paradise.

Nina was quite blunt about it. Like so many whores before and since she insisted that I should pay for the privilege of her company, and she certainly was expensive. For the full evening she charged me the stunning sum of £100, and even though her services were very sophisticated and she was worth the money, I suppose, in that I was also getting material from her, that was a huge sum for anyone to have to pay for sex. And I may as well tell you that this was almost the very lowest price that was charged in Zurich apart from the girl who plied the streets openly. They were in the £30 mark but as you can see sex in Zurich has a very large price tag on it.

Nina took me to her flat. Forget any notion you might have of the average and rather impersonal whore's flat in London. This was almost like a home from home and the whole place was done up in taste and with style. The carpets were thick and comfortable, the furniture was light and pleasant, and if you didn't know that she was a full-time prostitute then you might have thought yourself in the home of a rather nice young lady. But Nina was no lady, although rather nice in a pretty reserved and cool sort of way. We had some coffee with some brandy thrown into it, and then we sat on a long sofa while she stripped for me and while I talked she lay at my feet and answered my questions. After all, if I was paying for her the very least I might do was to get some excitement for my outlay.

Her long body was stretched out under me, and I was tempted to cut the interview short and get down to some good old fashioned sex. But duty won the day, and instead I asked her about the whoring scene in Zurich and what sort of world was it like. Her answers were careful and candid, and I am certain that she was telling the truth in what she said to me. She was the type of girl who didn't feel the need to embellish things and as a result she was the most credible witness I could have possibly found anywhere in this city.

She said that there was a very large racket going on in Zurich – and in some of the other Swiss towns as well. This was based on London, of all places, and the set-up was this. The girls in London who wanted to make some safe and easy short-term money would decide to come to Switzerland. Sometimes they were recruited by the vice syndicates from Zurich direct, but more often than not they would usually arrive there as independent operators, free-lance whores as it were. Most of them had had experience and a lot of them were girls from the London night clubs or from the main escort services in London. They were used to casual sex, she said, and for that reason, while they might not practice the craft of whoring while in England, they would be quite prepared to do so in the comparative peace and comfort of Switzerland.

Another sort who came to Zurich from London were the so-called super secretaries. Usually they were bona-fide secretaries alright, but once they were settled into a job they would commence operations on the sly. Many a Swiss boss would be shocked by the antics of his English Rose secretary if only he knew what they got up to~~otot~~o at night. She said the English whores did a roaring trade, as they were the most sought-after. There was a positive glut of girls from the European countries but there was a shortage of English ones.

She herself had come out as a secretary to a bank tycoon. This small bald man was always polite and sweet to her and she thought that he was the ideal employer. Then one evening he suggested that she might like to earn some extra money. He had a special client coming in later in the day, an Arab with a lot of money who liked to be entertained. Nina said that she was slightly shocked at first, and then she saw that the whole of Zurich was wide open for this sort of thing and so she agreed. That particular Arab gave her £1,000 and a gold watch, and she knew that she had found what she intended to do.

From then on she would only come to Switzerland for three months in the year. She would take a succession of jobs, just to keep getting her visas, and when she had got them she would whore for those three months. She would not have any common or garden type of men. She would work in banks where the wealthy came as a matter of course, and she would manage to get introductions to them. Then she would whore and the pickings would be rich. Nina reckoned that she would be set for life if she whored here for another two years. She said that this sort of thing – the part time whore from England, was on the increase.

I asked her about the sort of money that they made over here, and she said that for the ones who kept their heads and didn't try to burn the candle at both ends, the money to be made was incredible. She said that the Arabs were the very best with money, but that they tended to treat the girls like dirt and for that reason she wouldn't go with them any more. Now she concentrated more on the Germans, or the Swiss who were usually considerate and also spent their money. And, of course, there was always the Japanese.

She told me about the Japanese and what they were like in bed. She said that they were mostly small, little men, but that they had enormous staying power and they were much kinkier to the girls than any other race that she had slept with. She said that they went absolutely crazy over the much taller German and British girls, and that she herself had slept with a lot of them and that they were very good at paying. Most of the girls liked them as with the Japanese you had a sense of sex for fun

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rather than just whoring. Nina said, in a rather telling phrase, "they were almost human, you know...!"

I asked her just how many whores there were in Zurich and she said that she didn't know, but that there must certainly be hundreds. The thing was the Swiss were great at the infidelity lark, and while most of the Swiss men had very respectable wives they were great believers in having some prostitute in the afternoon. This especially applied to bankers and that sort of wealthy person, and she said that unlike the sort of girl that I had met in Athens (I told her of my most recent trip), most of the whores in Zurich were very refined and the whole system depended on this. She said that it only needed a few slags to upset the market, and then they would all be finished there. So they took precautions to make sure that among themselves only the very best of them were allowed to ply for hire. Anyone who wanted something very rough could always nip over to France or Germany where there were plenty of them about.

Usually though, it was the client who made the first approach to the girl. The reason for this is that it just wasn't done to parade along the streets as though you were in Montmartre or Soho. Some did, but not many. Whoring in Zurich was a rather sophisticated sort of affair, and when a girl got approached, instead of discussing it there and then, she would give him a card and he would phone her at her flat. Then they could discuss a price and the kind of services that were on offer, and if all were satisfied the client would come round for his doings. The whole thing was run as smooth as clockwork, and she said it used to amuse her when the Americans were to be heard complaining that there were no whores in Zurich. She didn't like the Americans very much and said that they were stingy.

Well then, I asked her, what sort of services did she offer to the clients? Mostly straight or oral she said but she would occasionally do something like heavy flagellation, if the client were ready to pay for it. She herself was very keen on group sex, and she had a few other girls, one English among them, who were always on call for a client who wanted a gang bang scene. Most times, though, she found the clients wanted oral and she said that this was very popular among the Swiss.

But group sex was what actually still turned her on, and she said that this was something that was also very popular in Zurich. It was not unusual for some of the bankers to club together and hire a possee of girls who would service them in turn. Usually there were extras thrown in for that like nude wrestling or nude racing, or something similarly kinky. The girls actually preferred this to anything else as things got very lively without getting out of hand. She said that she herself was bi-sexual (like so many other whores) and that for this reason she was always quite prepared to have sex fun with girls at these gang bangs. The cost of one such orgy could run from anything like £2,000 upwards with the sky the limit for anything extra.

There were the usual bizarre side-lines of sex like magic circles and covens and that sort of thing but she steered clear of that. She said that most of the other girls did as well. They thought that this was really a bit too way out and that anyway the money was far better when one was just having sex without all that sort of fuss. She said that she herself had been to an orgy only two days earlier, organised by a load of visiting Japanese businessmen, and that the final bill came to something like £5,500. The Japanese had paid up with big smiles and little bows to the girls!

She gave me a list of names and addresses that I could go to and use her name there. From the complex network of the addresses she gave me, it was quite clear that the city was honeycombed with the flats and homes of whores, and that most of them lived and worked in the very best residential districts. To afford places like that they had to be making real money. I later visited a great many of these places and had sex in one or two of them to see what they were like. I'm afraid that like Swiss banks, Swiss whores tended to be rather clinical and although some of them were very pleasant and anxious to please I must say that the overall impression I was left with was one of depression, both in pocket and sexually.

I think the reason for this was the lack of variety in the whores of Zurich. That was unusual considering the variety of the nationalities that were available. But for some reason they all seemed rather alike, and although their services were good they somehow never got quite to the state of sexual excitement that one would have expected from girls as well-equipped and as well-formed as they were.

When Nina had finished her recital of the peculiar sexual setup in Zurich she gave me an excellent blow job. Of all the girls I slept with while I was there she was definitely the best. But she was a typical whore of the place, and even though she serviced me well, still I couldn't get away from the fact that she was a prostitute. This definitely blunted my enjoyment and I must admit that when I finally flew out of Zurich after ten days of exhausting investigations, I was more than glad to do so.

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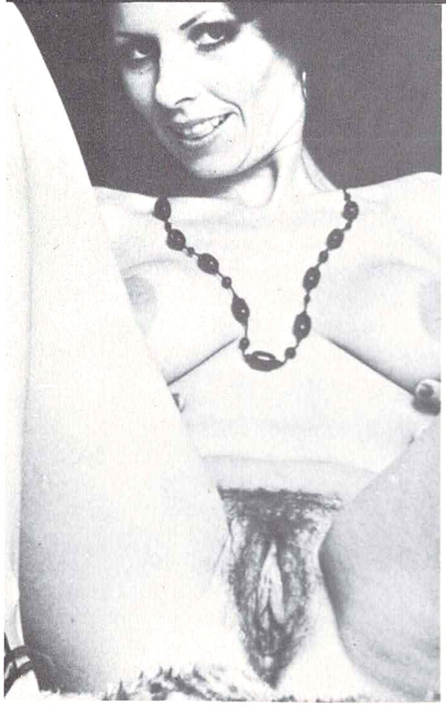

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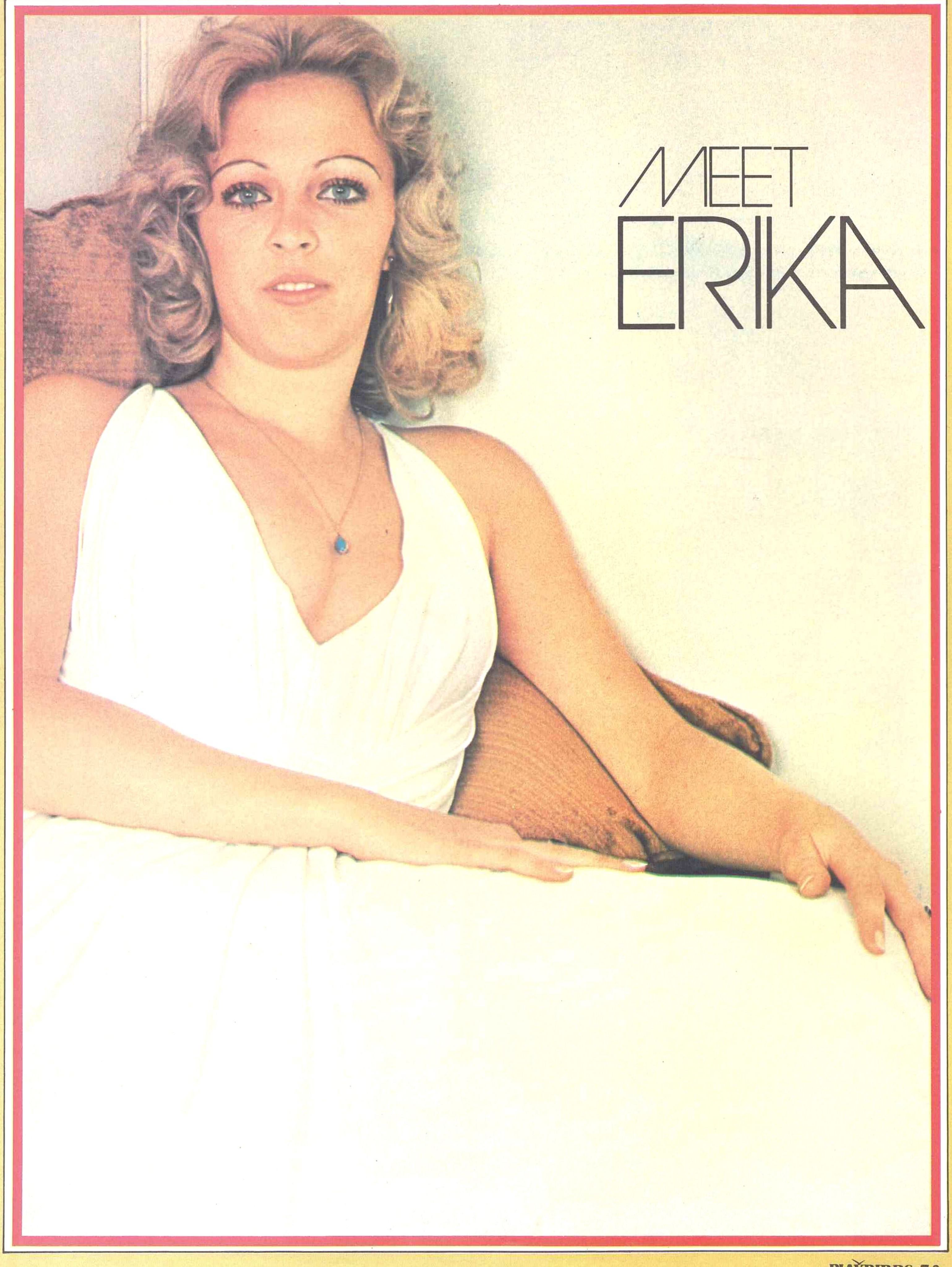

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Continuing our series of strange experiences among the plutocrats who feel that a good time goes hand in hand with a big wheelbase, this time we have definitely been surprised by this true experience which has reached us on good stiff paper, and via a Northern town that is familiar to most of us. We had got used to the idea that Rolls drivers were either City tycoons, rich industrialists or else that they were pop stars who couldn't do without a bit of extra glory from the fans. But this particular experience showed us beyond any shadow of doubt that their are ways of catching birds without being rich, and that there is nothing to stop a really determined man having a fling once in a while, in style. And in doing so to enjoy the luxuries – and therefore the girls – in the way that a tycoon is accustomed to. So, without further ado, take the case of Sid...

"I'm a bachelor with a difference. I used to watch my mates at the factory slaving away and wondering if they'd ever get out of the rut they were in. I'm the sort of bloke who works hard and plays hard, but I have one secret that they never know about and that is why I am writing to you after reading about the owners in your supercars series. I can't claim to own one, but I do something far better, and even though it only lasts for a couple of weeks, I can tell you that I get more sex in that time than my mates will ever see in all their lives put together. And if you think that I'm kidding you, get a load of this then.

When I say that I play hard I mean that I like to gamble. Not by chucking it at the bookies or anything like that. I'm careful and bloody cautious, and I've found that you can stay ahead of the bookies if you are like that. So I add the winnings to my savings and then for this one three weeks a year, during the annual works holidays, I shove off to some selected target. But while the others are pigging it in their crowded trains, and with wives and kids driving them daft, I'm not like that. Because that's when I make everything worthwhile for the year of slog, and have this lovely time on my own.

Believe it or not, I actually go to stay in a holiday camp. Now before you rip this letter up let me tell you that anyone who thinks that these places are for the elderly or the retired, or just for kids, is wrong. I have had more sex in those places than I have ever had anywhere in my life. The blooming thing is there for the taking if you know how, and I have one of the very best dodges for getting them that anyone has ever seen.

Because during that three weeks I am a mysterious millionaire who likes to take time away from the high-flying jet set types and mingle graciously with ordinary people. And I have one thing which always proves the clincher. Each year I hire this Rolls from a mate of mine who is in the wedding lark, and he lets me have it without fail on a certain date every year. I pay him full whack so that he's not doing me any favours, and from the moment that I step into that car I'm on my own and in a completely different world. I'm not really conning people either. If they want to think that the bloke who has a Rolls has to be a millionaire, then I'll play along with that if it gives them pleasure. And then I pull the masterstroke and instead of going to a plush hotel, I go to a holiday camp with it.

Now I've already said that camps are great places. But you have to know your way round them and whenever I turn up at one with my Rolls at first they all think that I am Lord Muck himself. Sometimes they think that I own the place. I never really tell them what I do, but I imply a lot, and this is what makes them think that after all here's a bloody bloke like themselves, a bloke who even if he's lush doesn't put on airs and graces. They love that sort of thing in this country, and when I speak with my broad Northern accent they fall at my feet. I'm not stopping them, mind.

But that is when the fun starts right off. I know that a lot of the genuine toffs who have written about their cars are used to getting this sort of treatment all the time, but to me it's like a special thing, see? I work like a lunatic all the year round and this is my excursion into a completely different life-style. While I have this car I am someone, and something else, and I'm not a con man in the sense that I wouldn't try to con money or anything like that. I tell them that I am just a bloke getting away from it all and they're happy with that. And that's how I set them up for it. Because the truth is that although I am 39 now, nearly touching 40, I still have the power to pull more birds during the fortnight or three weeks that I have the car than most guys ever have.

I've just read what I've written and it must seem a bit flash to those who have the real lolly all the time. But think of the extra rewards that I get. You see they're used to it, and so it has no edge for them any more. But I'm not used to it, and so for me every screw, every bird that I pull into the back of the car, and every dolly that I pluck from the poolside at the camp is another feather in my nest. It's both real and terrific and when I take photos of them if they will let me, and I paste them in my huge scrapbook, then I felt a bit like a man who is pasting photos of his favourite conquests in his book. But it's all innocent fun even if it does get kinky, and just so that you will realise how innocent it all is and that you can still be kinky and innocent at the same time, I'd like to tell you about this scene that I had recently when the holiday season was at full swing and I was in my Rolls and king of the camps.

My aim is to strike immediately while the iron is hot. But I always make it clear to the girl that I am taking out that I am here to enjoy myself as well as to relax, and that there is no question of an affair. If she would like to screw then well and good, and if not then nobody will be all that hurt. But the great thing about these camps is that the people who use them are there for just that reason, too, they want to screw and have a good time and especially if the bloke has a Rolls – well, what a story that would make to tell the girls when they go back home. That's the way they think of it here, and who am I to stop them having a fling?

But I have always been the sort of person who likes his cake and eats it as well, and I am a great reader of sex magazines, which is why when I have a car like this I usually try to go for something special, something like a threesome, something that I wouldn't normally be able to get back in my home town. I have found that the wealthier you seem to be the more sexually free the girls become, and this is why when I met this girl by the pool aftet I had been there for two days, and found out that she was one of the maids there and came from abroad, and when I asked her if she had a friend and when she said yes and would I like to take them out, the old pulse quickened and I felt a tingle of excitement go through me. I'm pretty good at knowing what's going to happen and this time I was not mistaken.

The girl I had first met was called Anna and she was a typical German thing with big legs and thighs and great big boobs. The other one was a much nicer looking type altogether, and she was from Yugoslavia and had a lovely slim long figure, just the sort that I like to get into. I tend to go for that sort whenever I can get them. But they don't grow on trees where I come from, most of them being stocky like and I can't for the life of me remember how to pronounce the Yugoslav's name, but it sounded like Marya and that's what I'll call her.

They were both a bit shy, well Marya was but the other one, the German wasn't really and she was the sort that is game for most things. So I concentrated on her, and hoped that she would do the trick when it came to persuading them to have a bit of threesome fun which is what I had in mind when I agreed to take them out. They were absolutely bowled over when they saw the gleaming Rolls, and once more I breathed a short prayer of thanks to the men at Derby who made this lovely car. Which reminds me. I'm not a great one for cars and usually I drive a small Ford myself. I don't know that much about them either, and just tend to point them in a certain direction and hope that they will carry me there safely. But every time I got into this one I felt immediately something that the others didn't have that was quality. Sheer lovely quality!

The girls felt it too, and soon we were driving through the country side with the two maids beginning to think and look grand. I took them to a small restaurant in a town not far from the camp, and when we had had a meal we drove on a few miles. It was getting a bit dark by now, and I asked them if they would like to hear some good music. There was a complete stereo system in the Rolls and I parked in this field and played music at them. They loved it. While they were listening to the music I put my arm round Anna's shoulder and slowly started to snog with her. She giggled, still listening to the music, and she responded in a dreamy sort of way. I goosed her a bit, and she didn't seem to mind, and I knew almost without it being said that I could do anything with her that I wanted to. But she wasn't the one that I was really after, and when I saw that Marya was looking at us in a strange way I had to use all my charm to make her feel less restless again. But I needn't have worried as it happened. Because when it finally got down to the real fun Marya was the one who surprised both of us.

One minute we were snogging away and the very next Marya had pulled Anna away from me by her hair. Anna let out this surprised yelp, and then she was pulled down onto the big front seat and Marya jumped and pulled herself right across her. She settled beside me and I suddenly thought that they were going to fight over me. Get a load of that, I thought to myself. What I had thought in Marya was restlessness wasn't that at all, but sheer jealousy, and I realised that with her mad Balkan nature, they're all bonkers those Slav women but when they've actually got their knickers off you really know that you have a real woman under you – Marya had wanted me first.

Fortunately for me the threatened fight never took place, if only because I made them see sense and told them that if they wanted some fun then the best way to have it was to enjoy it all together. That way I led them into accepting the idea of a good old threesome and once they had agreed to the idea the rest was plain sailing. They were as anxious as I was to get on with it, and the only thing to be done now was to get stripped and under way. And here's another reason why the man in the glamour car always beats the other sort. It's size. The inside of the Rolls is like the inside of a barn. Now I know that this is something of an exaggeration, but in fact the inside is really huge. There is so much room there that you could have five or six girls if you wanted them, and although I've never tried that as yet I'm sure that one day I'll get round to it. So we got in the back and the girls started to undress. They did it very quickly, and for the first time I saw what they really looked like and I liked everything that I saw.

They were both in their mid-twenties but while Anna was plump Marya was slim and brown. Anna had great floppy boobs and big jammy thighs, while Marya had lovely slim legs and a firm body and just plain gorgeous titties. They were the sort that could get me jailed just looking at them and in normal circumstances I probably would have been. But here I was in the Rolls, the master of these two girls, and I felt my manhood rise up with excitement. They both stopped undressing for a minute to look at it swelling up and then

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they started at me.

Have you ever been attacked by two foreign women all at once? Well, I suppose it's not much different from being attacked by two women of any other sort except for one thing. When they are excited they tend to drop into their own language, and they won't snap out of it for anything. The trouble with these two was that they both spoke German right through our session and only when they were doing something to me did I realise what they had said to one another. But it was delicious, and I can tell you that after a few minutes of their first assault on me my cock was throbbing like a peacock's tail. They were completely intent on getting the very most out of it and I wondered what sort of sex life they usually led.

From the word go Marya was the one who took the initiative. She was the leader from the very beginning, and when her slim body went down on me for the first time she caught my swollen penis in her hand and she took the throbbing knob in it as well. The touch of her hand on my cock was almost too much to bear from a strange woman for the first time, and at that stage I nearly shot my load off. But I held back as well as I could, and she saw my problem and instead of touching it for a while she started to stroke her own body for me. You must remember that I am forty and not just a young guy. We old guys have trouble controlling our comes, you know.

Marya stroking her body in the back of that luxurious car was really a sight to see. Especially for a mere factory worker like me who spent his year watching fat-ankled women clogging round the grim streets of the Northern town where I work. She was perfection at work, and I knew from the practised way that she touched her nipples and held them out for me to see, that this was something she did to herself quite often. She touched her body as though she was actually making real love to it, and when she reached the mass of hair that covered her taut quim I almost grabbed her I was that hard for it. But I held back again, and this time I was rewarded by a streak of ooze crawling down her brown legs, and a sloppy sound where her fingers were inside her.

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Anna wasn't entirely idle when all this was going on. She was very active indeed, and she had a very sexy way of lifting her breasts to her mouth and licking those great breasts with her naughty tongue. Of course that looked a bit like the poses that you see in some sex magazines, but when you actually have a girl like that in front of you and she is doing things like that to herself in the flesh then you do find it very exciting. I know that I did anyway.

Now the odd thing is that even though I was fascinated by Marya at the beginning, when it came to this sort of sexual attack on their own bodies it was that of Anna that began to fascinate me most. There was so much more of her, and the way that she was inserting her fingers into her quim and dragging the flesh down so that I could see all of what she was doing was so much more fascinating than what Marya was doing, that when it came to a toss-up between them I had to admit that Anna was just that bit better at it than the other girl. I don't know how long I would have gone on thinking this, but matters were taken out of my hands by what happened next.

Without any warning Marya flung her naked body at me and knocked me on to my back. This time there was no question of her restraining herself, and she was all out to get at my cock and have it. I was forced back under the strength of her lean but strong frame, and soon she had climbed aboard me and with her legs and thighs working furiously she had got on top and while Anna could do nothing but look on she seized my cock in her strong fingers and fastened it securely under the wide-open mouth of her fanny. I felt the heat from her insides brush like a breath against me, and now there was the lovely sensation of the moment of first entry. One minute I was lying there with my cock held in her hand, and the next minute there she was with a grimace on her face as she thudded down on the cock and it entered deeply into her where it counted most.

She moaned as she took the cock inside her. The flesh surged through her naked pussy and gouged deeply in her so that she was completely at its mercy. Now although they had both been the mistresses of the situation for some time, the moment that I had her on top of my tool things changed a great deal and when I had grabbed her tits and forced her bodily up and down on my cock she was the sufferer, and I was the strong male with his trusty cock going up in her shaft. She responded to the surges and she liked it too. Her firm breasts were like glass under my hands, and they were hard, and the nipples were hard, and she was muttering something in what seemed to be German.

While I was doing this to her Anna was still fingering herself. Her great German body was perspiring freely, and there was the mingled smell of women and sweat and sex in the car. In a way it was a shame to treat a Rolls like that, but when you have two naked young women then what can you do about that? I didn't care all that much at this stage, and the only thing that fully occupied my mind was to make sure that I gave her the screw of her life. I concentrated on that, and as I did so I saw that Anna was now sending out streams of juice, and that she was holding herself round the waist and she was digging her hands into her belly, just below the navel. She saw my questioning look, and she whispered urgently to me that when she pressed hard on her belly like that it gave her a great thrill, and that she would soon come.

She was just as good as her word, for in a few minutes she began to lean against the

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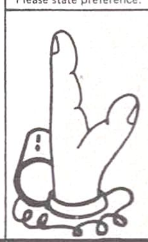

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back of the seat with her body jumping in a mad way. Marya got excited even more just by looking at her, and while she was going up and down on me I saw that Anna was definitely climaxing now. Her body was arching with the effort, she bent double so that all I could see was her massive back and the bulging muscles as the climax went through her. She was doubled up for a long time, and her hands were between her meaty thighs, and all of a sudden she straightened up and she was over and done with it. She had a very satisfied smile on her face. That was the signal for Marya to get going with the final stages of her climax.

I don't know if you have any notion of how savagely some thin women can climax. I used to think when I was younger that they had weak ones, but that's a load of old rubbish. Some of them would tear your cock off with the force of what they expel and this one was really lethal. She almost screamed the place down when she let loose, and I nearly had to knock her out. I have never been bitten or chewed so hard by a girl in my life, and she was as strong and as hard to hold as a conger eel. And that terrific turning and moaning and twisting was just what was needed for me. I took one look at this lovely form above me and then I let go all that I had between my legs for so long and I threw my spunk up and in.

I'm not going to say that it was the best ever come I've had – that record is held by a certain woman in Burslem – but she was good. My cock felt as though it was going to split in two, and the more I drove it hard into her the greater the pain in my cock, as the bottled spunk fought its way out of the narrow eye at the top. The spunk spewed into her and then, like a candle that's been flickering for a time, it slowly died and after a long time it went out. We all sat there for a while, just as we had been when we were in the passion of our comes, and then with slow sighs we dismounted and sat back in our separate places once more. We were all silent and still shaken by our orgasms, but don't think that that was the end of it.

Not by a long chalk! When we had recovered from this one I set the girls at each other. Oddly enough they were very reluctant to do it, and in the end I had to guide their hands over their bodies before they would come together and make love. But they weren't even bi-sexual, and were only doing it to please me, and even though I was disappointed I had to accept them as they were, and in the end I gave that up as a bad job.

But their touching their own bodies like that had got me going again, and this time I had Anna give me a very slow blow. My cock has always been very receptive to a blow job, and when I came off that time I made her hold my penis against Marya's breasts so that the ooze welled out of the cock and we watched it crawl down her chest. The blue semen coursed down her lovely body, and when it was over she threw herself at me again and coaxed it back to life.

By the time we ended our session that lovely car reeked of the pong of sex, and I had to open the doors for a half-hour and sit there and chat and smoke before we could drive back to the camp. They were both a bit shy when they were finished, but what did I care? I'd had a great scene with them. I still had the car and for the rest of my stay there I had a different bird every night. I never had another threesome, but I'm satisfied. Not many blokes could enter your supercar league who work in a factory, could they?

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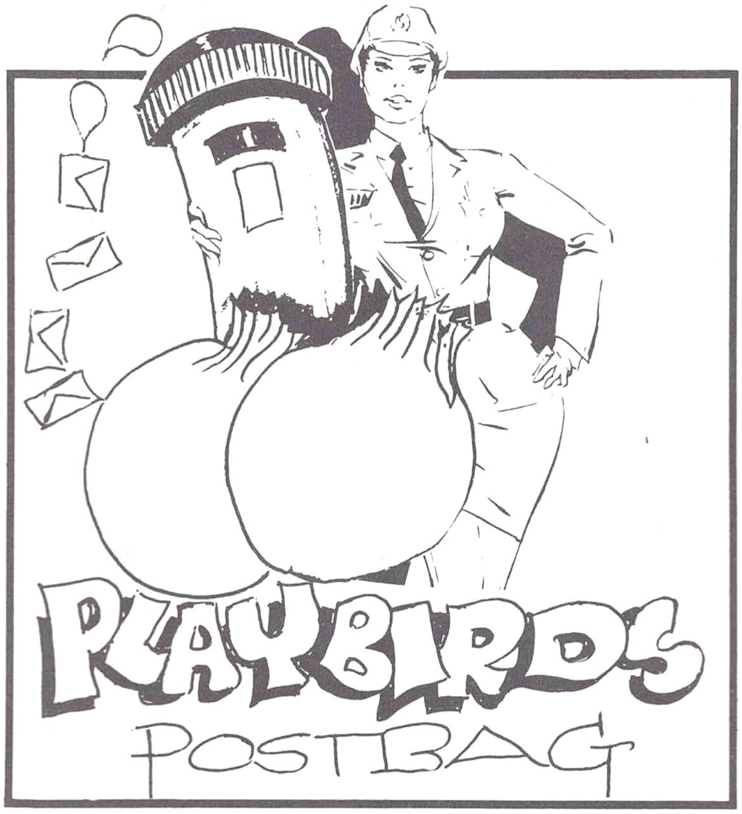


If you would like a letter published in this section, please send your mail to Playbirds Magazine (Reader's Letters Editor), 34 Upton Lane, Forest Gate, London E.7.

Sweet Fantasy

Dear Sir,

As I walked along the lonely beach, I became aware that I was not alone. I turned and looked into her eyes, two deep pools of intelligence and mysticism.

Hello, she said, and I was drawn toward her as if hypnotised.

I touched her hand and she responded with a touch so warm and soft. All restraint left me, I put my arms around her and kissed her honey lips feeling her lovely eyes as I did so. She hung limp in my arms. I carried her over to a grassy bank and lay by her creamy breasts. Her lovely thighs were covered with a fine down of golden fuzz, and yet a bluish hue seemed to hover along her beautiful long parting. I looked at her in astonishment. She was frothing slightly at the mouth, again with a bluish tint.

Don't worry she said, I'm from Venus. We are all like this. Please fuck me.

Her lips were set and I buried myself into her and felt great joy. Something in her gently held me and I experienced all the excitement of a lifetime as I came and came, and it seemed to last forever…

I eventually became aware of a humming sound and everything became bluish. Thank you, she said, you have saved my race, and she began to fade away. I tried to hold her, but she had gone and I felt great despair.

After a while I looked into a pool – I was terrified – I was a little old man.

Anonymous, London E.C.1.

Editor's Note.
We don't usually publish anonymous letters but we found this one so amusing we couldn't resist it!

Football and Sex.

Dear Sir,

On the days when the team wins, Penny and me really go all the way with the sex life. But, sir, when they lose, the effect on my appetite for lovely Penny's flesh is nearly nil.

Some readers may smile at this, particularly if they consider football a lunatic business, but others will sympathise. I mean, a win for one's team is as exhilarating as strong drink, and a lost match makes a man feel like suicide.

I suppose most of the general public know this – but is it realised how important the effect is on a man's sex life?

Just a few weeks ago Leeds lost to these other bastards and so when Penny and I walked along the river bank I was in a grim mood. We reached the hollow where we do our orgy and she tried to pull me down. Well, I squatted down – but the zest for her lovely legs and mammary dollops was lacking.

"Lost!" I groaned. "The useless swines…"

"Come here… kiss me… as a starter, lover boy… and then you can stick that big thumper right into me…"

Her candied invitation usually got me into a frenzy and I'd reach out and start my feverish hunt for her slit, as if I'd never seen it before or even poked into it. But this time, knowing Leeds had made a balls of it, I just sat and glowered. So she thought she should take the initiative. She fingered for my zip, opened it and even got the thick worm out from my floral underpants. She played with it, watched me expectantly, but I just sat and glared at the placid river. "Come on," she said. "Where's the hard? "That couldn't make a hole in a pound of soft butter."

"They lost!" I yelped.

"Bloody football…"

"Alright for you – I don't feel in the mood…"

She was annoyed, like all girls are when they can't have the poke they have set their minds on, and she slapped my penis angrily. Even that attempt at stimulation didn't work. The worm looked like a worm. She stared down at it – and so did I. Old Man penis seemed very sullen.

"Joe Blackett can get an erection in five seconds flat…" she muttered.

"Oh! How do you know?"

She didn't want to answer that one. I tried to explain. "If they'd equalised… or even scored one goal… but three nil… aw, God… it's terrible…"

Brooding is no good for sex, Mister Editor. Maybe you don't know, but it never raised a hard-on, and even Penny's encouraging hand on the foreskin didn't do a thing for me. Leeds had lost and that was tragedy.

Of course, there are other times when they do win and Penny and me wander down to the river bank eager as all heck for a gutsy go at the genitals. We waste no time. It's down into the grassy hollow and fumble for the female crutch. My erection is usually painful by that time, hard and urgent. And I've talked about the team all the way. "They won… what a goal that last one… nearly bust the net… that goalkeeper didn't even see it…"

Penny of course just egged me on, looking forward to the amorous business, the little sexed-up bitch. Still, she's lovely – when the team has won!

Well, I've got the zest for it, you see! Football and sex – a good combination – when the flamers win.

Mind you, I don't know what a man would do if he attached his footballing interest to a team that was on the downward slide and could not win an argument. He would be a dead loss to his girl – if he was like me. No wins – no sex. Have the psychologists ever thought about it? And what about football hooligans? They must be the worst thing that could happen to a lusting girl. I doubt if they would have any interest in an army of bare quims even if they were laid out for them.

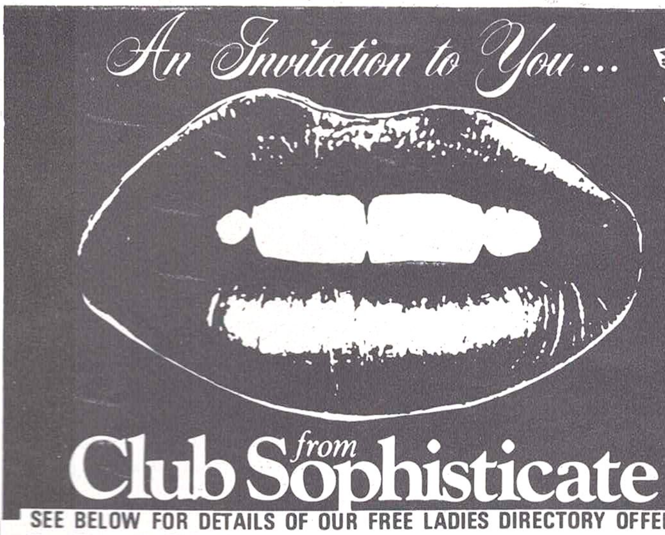
The occasion when Leeds won – recently, that is – was a good thing for Penny. I really ground her into the hollow, my tool delving furiously, my hands on her naked tits. I used her body like it was a football – subconsciously, I suppose. I know I babbled on all the time I poked her, about the team. She didn't even listen, the lovely bitch. She just liked the sex…

In the summer I attach myself to cricket but there is not the same big-balled sex stimulous about cricket. Penny and I walk along the river bank – and sink into our familiar hollow – and I start the old caressing of her itchy slit, but I'm not full of heat like I am when the football team wins.

But I think she likes the cricket season because I'm more of a lover-boy and less of a rutting bull. I suppose it is hard being attracted to a guy who lives and breathes football, and the summer is a time when Penny can look forward to the softer side of sex.

I do think if some guys would think of a sexual rapport between them and their sport, life would be easier. The soccer hooligans are a case in point. Now if they had more sex and less loutish behaviour, everything would be fine. So why don't they take their rage out on their girls? Many of them would be grateful, because women really like the lusty grind. All this stuff about them being the weaker sex is rubbish. Look how some fragile girls are expected to take on a huge chunk of man, sexually and emotionally, when they marry – and before that in most cases.

I hope this letter doesn't seem like the crazy talk of a soccer idiot; it is all perfectly true so far as I'm concerned. You might get some replies from girls who are pally with football nutters like me… could be illuminating…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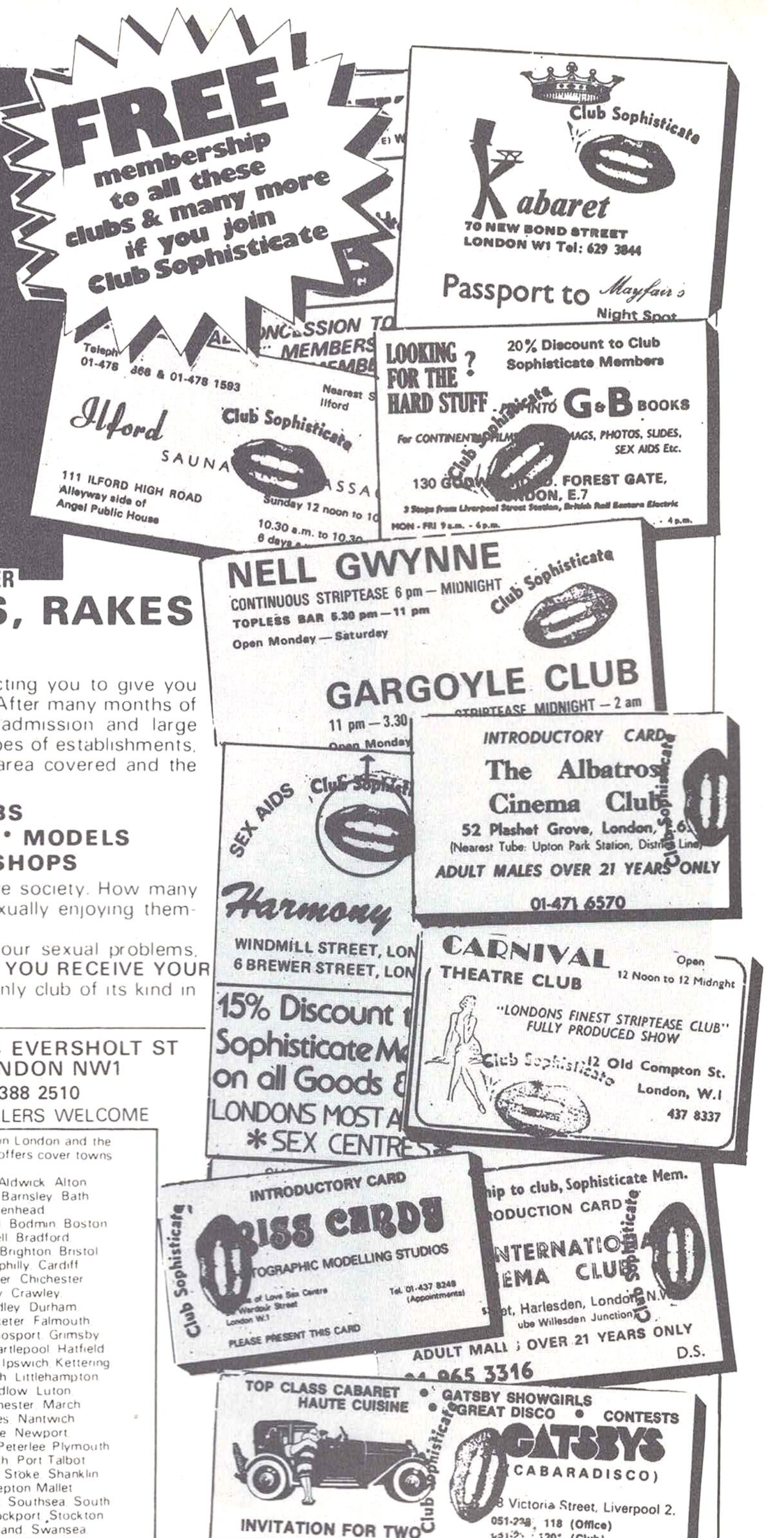
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10. **CUT PRICE SCANDINAVIAN MAGAZINES AND FILMS** we have negotiated discounts for all our members at all the leading mail order and sex shops throughout Britain
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and what about players' wives...

I mean, I am a gentleman – I hope. I take Penny to the match very often. It's nice being able to grab a handful of soft pendulous tit when the match is going well for Leeds, and if it doesn't go well then God help her. I feel like kicking her ample backside... not that I ever do... but I feel like it... and that must be a sexual connotation, too. I mean, the female backside is the target of the male whatever mood may consume him. If he's annoyed, he wants to slap the buttocks. If he's horny, he wants to feel them. And in a loving mood he will caress the soft sit-upon.

Maybe this is a rambling kind of letter, dear editor, but it is genuine. I'm a football nutter and I don't care who knows it. But maybe some new ideas will come out of my remarks. Sex and football are linked – so feed on that you mind benders.

After all, a big football is like a woman's arse. Men kick it around; we kick women around – poor dears!

M.L., Leeds.

Good News Week.

Dear Editor,

You are going to have to pull up your socks I'm afraid! I have just come across a publication called Private National News, and it is so strong that your mags seem dated by comparison. The photographs made my eyes pop out and my cock rise, one almost felt as though you could fuck one of the pictures. I know you publish very sexy stories, but nothing to compare with National News. They even tell you where to find a good prostitute, telephone number and address! You don't do anything like that. Uusually my girlfriend doesn't get turned on by sex magazines, saying they are published only for men to read, but National News got her going, she only read half of it before she nearly raped me. We were having a run out in the country, I was driving and she found the News in the glove compartment. Have you ever driven with a girl's hand inside your pants tickling your cock? Fortunately we were way out in the country and I was able to pull up and we got in the back seat for a jump. When we had finished I carried on driving, and within a quarter of an hour she wanted another go. I'm not one of those guys who can summon up a stiff cock every few minutes, so I masturbated into a climax Sorry to tell you I have placed a regular order for National News, a paper that will get my girlfriend going is a must for me.

Maureen took the paper to work with her and showed it to her colleagues and they all agreed it was pretty strong meat indeed. One of the girls got so sexy she vanished into the toilet with it for ten minutes. I thought it was only men who did things like that! I haven't got it back yet, and the way things are going it will be pretty tattered when I do get it back. The descriptions of fucking are excellent, and you actually feel as though you are there, doing it. In fact, reading the paper has prompted me to write and tell you of an experience I had some weeks ago, to see if you will dare to publish it. If you don't, I know that National News will!

My regular girlfriend and I had a row, just like any other couple does. After a week or so I began to want sex, and I wasn't going to be the first to give in, so it was no use going to Maureen for a fuck. Things got so bad I decided that I would go to a prostitute and pay for it, something I had never done before. I went to an area renowned for 'girls of easy virtue' and within a few minutes a dark-haired girl approached me. We settled the price very quickly – she wanted a fiver – I could do what I wanted, and she would give me a blow out if I wished. I expected to go to some dingy room with a dirty bed, but no, this girl, Susan, lived in a nice flat, and the bed was spotless. When she took off her skirt she was wearing dark stockings, with – would you believe – garters!

Her knickers were black and very tight, showing the slit of her cunt. I took my jacket and trousers off and got on the bed with her. She knew the score alright, the moment she got hold of my cock it stiffened. I made to get over her, but she stopped me, saying that she wanted it to last a bit. Even though she was in it for the money, she enjoyed being fucked, so what was the hurry? She was stripped off but for her stockings and garters, and I played around with her fanny for a long time, while she fondled my cock, rubbing it over her stockings, very near to her cunt, but not putting it inside. She asked me if I would like a gam for a bit, and of course I agreed. She took up a position where I could see her bottom and the puffy slit of her wet cunt, with the hairs poking out. She looked very erotic in that position, and while she sucked my cock I fingered over her bottom and cunt. After five minutes of gamming she stopped and said she was ready to fuck if I was. Either she was a very good actress, or she enjoyed herself. She nipped and squeezed my arse all the time I was mounted, and when I spunked she went crazy, writhing and twisting, her legs around my back holding me tight into her. Afterwards she gave me a drink, and we went out. I watched her at work for a while, and she soon got another guy to take back to her flat. She was well worth the fiver it cost me.

When Maureen and I made it up, the first thing I did was buy her a pair of stockings and some garters, insisting that she wore them when we had a fuck. I didn't tell her where I got the idea from, I just said that I'd read about it in a sexy magazine.

So you had better look to your laurels! Private National News will be a big seller, and we can't afford to buy every sex paper that is published!

Mark. M. London.

Dear Mark,

We have seen Private National News, and we reluctantly agree that it is a very strong publication indeed. We were surprised at the contents and photographs... and we thought we were strong. Credit where credit is due, they pull out all the stops. Competition is good for business and we aren't unduly worried, but we will watch their progress with interest! I hope you continue to buy PLAYBIRDS as well as National News!

Continued on page 93.

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PLAYBIRDS POSTBAG

Continued from page 87

Frigid.

Dear Editor,

What is the cause of frigidity in a woman, is it shame of having her body touched by a man, or is it the teachings of her earlier childhood that all things to do with sexual parts is filthy.

I have been married over 6 months now and my sex life is practically nil, for every time I go to touch my wife she shudders and tightens up, it is practically impossible to effect an entry into her – to say that I am frustrated would be an understatement - I am at my wits end. I've tried to get her to see a Doctor about it, but she says 'no.' She won't even touch my parts at all, and if I try to put my fingers inside her to get her natural juices flowing, she gets out of bed to be sick.

I've tried to talk to her mother, a Chapel going soul, but all she says, piously, is: "There are more things to married life than just naked bodies."

When I asked her how she managed to conceive her daughter, (an only child), she just shrugs.

I think myself that her religious upbringing has something to do with it, but she won't even talk about it. Sometimes I feel just like walking out of the house and staying away. I got into debt with buying the place, thinking that once we got into a house of our own where no one could hear us lovemaking, she might change, but no, she is still the same. I suppose I could get a divorce, but strangely enough, I still love her. I think whatever happens I always will.

I've even pretended to leave her to see if that would bring her closer to me, but she just cries heart-brokenly, "I can't help it."

Have any of your readers had the same problem, if so, please write.

Distracted. Leighton Buzzard.

Flat Sharing!

To the Editor:

Sir,

I simply must write and tell you how much your magazine is altering people's lives – it must be – for it has certainly altered mine.

At first my girl, who had found a copy in my flat had said that the pictures were disgusting to her, but as I tried to point out, "What is disgusting about sex, it is the oldest action on earth, and one thing for sure, it will never cease, even with the interference of our self-appointed censors."

If our bodies were not made for pleasure, the sensations would not be there. The touching of the female breast by a man would have no meaning, and the touching of a man's flaccid penis by a girl would not bring it up to its glory.

At the time she said this, I was in the bath, we were going out to supper, I had worked rather late and was hurrying so that she wouldn't have to wait too long. The door to the bathroom was closed but not locked, her voice was a little indistinct so I had to ask her to repeat some of the things she was saying, eventually I felt a draught and she stood leaning on the door frame.

Her eyes shyly looked at me, I laughed and said: "Does the sight of my body disgust you?" "No" she blurted out, for this was the very first time we had discussed anything like this.

"Your body certainly doesn't disgust me, not that you let me see much of it," I answered, and standing up gave her an excellent view of my maleness, the hot water had made me half-proud, and the fact that her eyes couldn't leave the sight of it made me slowly come to full rigidity.

She was fascinated by the sight, for up to now it had been a quick fumble in the back seat of my car, but tonight my flat-mate had gone out early, this was one of the few times we had been left on our own, even in her home, her mother was always using some excuse to come into the room when we thought we were alone.

"Would you like to dry my back?" I asked boldly, and without thinking, she took up the towel and as I stepped from the bath she started to use it. I turned around, my rigid rod waved in front of me, dropping the towel she made one grab at it, her face was flushed but her eyes were shining as she gently worked her fingers up and down me.

I slipped her clothes from her as she worked, her panties were the last thing to drop, and in that warm, steamy atmosphere, took her on the floor.

She was more than ready for me, in fact it was as though she had just stepped from the bath herself.

She threshed about under me, then at last when I had felt every movement inside her cease, I let go, and lay there pumping inside her, her legs closed around my waist as she tried to get even more of me inside her.

We dried each other, gone was her shyness now, for her fingers dried every nook and cranny of me, I did the same with her, only it took me longer – I stood back and admired her figure, saying with a smile: "You don't look disgusting to me."

We both read your magazine together, and even act out some of the actions written.

My flat-mate and I have come to an understanding – he has the flat one night to himself, and I have the next night – it has worked out beautifully.

"Geordie". Hebburn-on-Tyne.

Oil Man.

Dear Editor,

The oil boom has brought some strange goings-on to this town of ours – Aberdeen. I mean, I have lived here for years, when it was mainly fishing and the old song "The Lights of Old Aberdeen" meant something. Now the pubs are full of Americans and Canadians, tough blokes from all parts of Britain, and the girls have really flocked to see what sort of cock-ends they sport.

Sex has always been business. With an oil boom, with men buying and selling, setting up new servicing businesses to the oil industry, there are the girls who sell sex and those who do it for fun. I like the latter...

I got my job in the off-shore oil game, determined to get my fingers in the pie, and I found a number of girls who were willing to discover if an oil-man had a hosepipe for a penis – or just the normal apendage. The first who made any real impact was Susie. There is always a Susie in a tough man's life, and she is usually blonde and an agreeable fleshy cushion.

I was paying ten quid a week for a flat, which I only used when back on shore, which is every two weeks. As flats go, this one was one-roomed – but how much room does a guy need to bed a girl?

I got back to town, eager and thick in the penis, the result of two weeks of longing for the cute curve that is all woman. After a night on the booze, Susie and I would get down to business, on the bed – where else? That's the place for sex business – at least I think so as a man who works hard and wants to shaft hard.

Now of course there is no difference between an oil-man's fuck and that handed out by any other kind of man. The girl gets the thick greedy wedge just the same. If the sexing leads to a warm intimacy, the kind of heat where a man can justifiably tell the female that he is in love, then so much the better. I'm rough, but I think that sexing is not just a good grind...

Maybe you'd like to know more about Susie? She was rounded, with a lovely belly, silk-smooth and nice enough to eat a dinner off. She had these dangler tits, the kind that move deliciously in your hands and have the kind of erotic nipples that a man can suck at all day. When I inserted and got into the rhythm, she'd whimper with pleasure and grip my naked back as the orgasm flooded her.

She was, believe you me, a secretary, the kind that are a delight to the boss's eye, with trim legs that fascinate the eye. Susie was the kind of girl who'd always get her backside slapped or felt because she was so tantalising. And where I was concerned, the backside got a real going over, with my tool firmly wedged into the fleshy sheath that is the highway to sexy

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pleasure.

We'd grind away for an hour, resulting in her pussy being tanked up – and it wasn't oil. Two weeks of thinking about hole can lead to an enormous reservoir of seminal fluid. I used to give Susie the lot. Even with the blasted Pill, I'll never know why she wasn't left pregnant as a mountain goat.

I went from Susie to Harriet, a girl who wasn't pretty and wasn't so damned young, come to think of it, but I have a theory that ugly women can make good terminals for the male tool. They are usually very strong, with a gutsy fervour in the slit and big, hips that are made for a guy's hands.

Harriet was a good Scots lass. She would have made a good man, for build, except that she'd been created with all the female contours. Sexing Harriet became a kind of wrestling, with a sex sweat that made our bodies slide over each other in the most primitive way. When I gripped her backside and played remorselessly with the curving seven-inch length, she would laugh in sheer enjoyment. Not the erotic moaning from Harriet. It was all great fun.

I'd lie flat back on the bed and she would take the initiative and slowly and deliberately lower herself on to my spike, letting it penetrate to the limit of that black-haired pussy – and then she'd pull back again, all the way along that slimy length until the tip with its bulbous end was nearly out of the comfy hole – and then she'd slam down again, wickedly, ramming into my balls.

I'm pretty tough but I sometimes felt like yelling blue murder at this trick – although I loved it and couldn't get enough of it. Down she'd come again on the thick wet rod, creating a hellish ecstasy all the way. What with her depth and my length, it was a fiendish trick.

Then when I'd shot the lot into that warm moist cavity, she would lie heavily on top of me and nibble at my lips. God, she was a weight! Her skin seemed to impact with mine, female against the rougher male, sweat-bonded and smelling of lovely womanly odours. I like the musk-like smell of sex.

I'd lie there, a bit spent at times, and stared sideways at the mirror across the room and I'd see her big curving backside like a small mound on top of me. It was fascinating just to look at it. Even after a man has spat his lot, there is still sexy satisfaction in being bonded with a lush female.

I think Harriet went off with another oil-man. She just stopped coming to the flat and the pub I frequented when on leave. So during this spell I picked up Claire. Hell, they were getting older! She was every bit of forty – thirteen years along the road to sexual futility – because I was only twenty-seven.

She said to me straight away. "An older woman can do everything that a younger one can do. What's this thing that men have about young women? They have not got more vaginal capacity – sometimes less if they are very young. Don't talk to me about young girls..."

Well, I'm just a rough guy who follows the trend and I'd always thought that a young bit was just the job. But Claire knew it all. I had to forget that she'd been blocked by a big Scots construction worker for years. Really, the past in a woman doesn't matter. A man doesn't carve his name on it. A crack can last a lifetime.

So Claire was always there when I got back to my one-roomed flat – at least for about five occasions. She was the kind who needed a man, and not just for sexing. She had a home and she had all the gear – fridge, washer, vacuum, TV and carpets. And she wanted someone to fix things, like finding out why the fridge had gone on the blink and why the stair carpet was in danger of tripping a man up every time he went for a pee. So it became a regular thing: I'd have a shaft and she would get me to mend something at her place! I wasn't just lover-boy – I was the handyman.

The next time I got ashore I went to the other side of Aberdeen and found myself a lovely eighteen-year-old who didn't own a thing. Well, she owned to a cute scented sex-box – but that was okay by me!

Ian McL. Aberdeen.

Black Experiences! Small One!

Dear Editor,

This is a letter from a black man. I am writing this to you because I think that you might be able to help me with my hang-up. I and my friends were arguing in a pub recently about who has the biggest pricks – black men or white men. I said that I thought we were all the same but my pals didn't agree and insisted that the pricks of black men were far bigger than those of white men. I hate this kind of competition aspect of things and I have since asked white friends of mine to show me their cocks. I have been proved right – they are just as long and good as ours are.

But that is not the only reason for my call for help. You see, I have fallen in love with a girl who lives next door to me. She is a terrific chick who has great big titties for her age. She is now 18 but she has the body of a girl who is aged 25. I find her very attractive and I make no secret of my liking for her. She has a boyfriend who is very jealous of me and he threatens to duff me up every time that I make advances to her. I am not a rapist or anything kinky like that but this girl is really getting me very hot every time I see her.

The trouble is that I was really a very shy forty-year-old man who doesn't have all that much experience with women. My cock is something of a joke among my friends because it is very small. I would like to be able to show this girl what my cock is like but I am very afraid that she might despise me for it. I would like to be able to have a really great cock for her and show her that my penis is just as good as the next mans. But would she really understand what I was trying to do.?

This girl now knows how I feel about her and she is driving me mad with her knowledge of my affection for her. Lately she has taken to prick-teasing me and this is shoving me up the wall very fast. The reason I say this is because she is able to do things with her body that set my mind on fire and I wish that I could pull out my small tool and attack her with it. I don't mean rape or anything like that.

Let me tell you some of the things that she does. It will give you an idea of the way that she is getting through to me. She has lovely long brown tanned legs and she knows that they are exciting to men. So whenever I am near her she always drags up her skirt as far as she can and pretends to be touching her thighs. I am nuts about thighs as it happens, and when she touches herself like this I find that I get very excited and then before I can stop myself I find that I am coming off. I just can't stop it and I have to wear two pairs of underpants when I'm with her so that my spunk won't bleed out all over my pants and cause me shame and disgrace.

I know that it is very wrong of me to be like this, but when you are in heat for a girl what can you do? I am the bull to this cow and that's that. But she has another trick of touching her breasts so that I am able to see her swelling nipples and when I see them appear through her thin blouse and watch the nipples sticking out I get so excited that I am unable to control my penis and I have an erection and then I come.

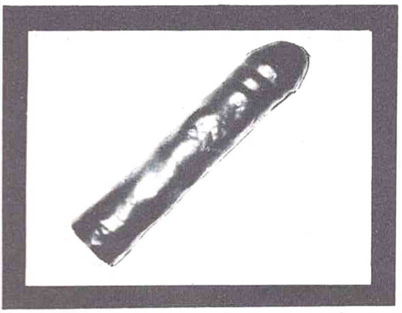
This is most distressing to me and I wish that there was some way that I could get her to come to bed with me. But she seems determined to make me sweat for it and this guy she is going out with is a really big bloke and I think that he probably had a prick that is really huge. How can I compete with that sort of thing? The most depressing thing of all is that I know that black men are always supposed to have enormous cocks. This is not true, certainly not so in my case, and I feel a real prick when all my mates are going on about their lengths, and when they are telling about the many women that they have and going on about stuffing them.

But this girl has really got me going and when I think about her I get a good erection and I come. One day I just lay down on the bed and thought of her all the time. I came seventeen times! That's a lot of spunk no matter how you look at it and when I was through with having myself so much I just turned to the wall and cried because I couldn't get the real thing, only the dream. I suppose that I will get her one day but I would do anything to have this lovely white girl and put my black hands on her juicy thighs. Can you help me?

Mr. R.H. Brixton, London.

Sorry Sir. We'd love to help you but this problem seems to be more in your mind than in your pants. I think that you should just keep trying. Hope you succeed! ED.

LADY CAN'T SAY NO!



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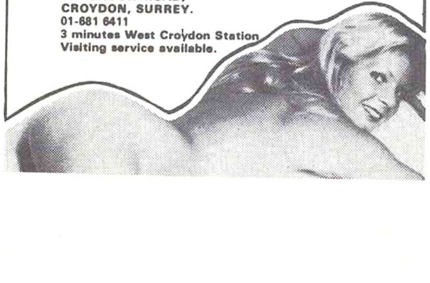

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Electrician Required.

Dear Editor,

I am an electrician with a business near a large housing estate, so most of my customers live on the estate. I don't usually say much about what happens in some of the houses I visit in the course of my work, but a friend has, in a way, prompted this letter. We were talking in the pub, and someone mentioned a story that had appeared in a sex magazine, about a door-to-door salesman who had fucked a woman out of her mind. They all agreed that it was a load of rubbish – housewives just didn't offer their cunts to anyone who happened to knock on the door. Maybe all of them don't – I'm not saying that, the majority of housewives are decent women, who wouldn't dream of opening their legs to anyone but their husbands, but there are the exceptions, and I have come across quite a few in my time. A few weeks ago I went to this house to fit a couple of plug sockets, one on the landing, the other in a bedroom. I got there about nine in the morning, and she was still in her dressing gown when she answered the door. That should have given me the warning right from the start! She had that coy sexy expression on her face that means a woman wants a good dose of cock.

I started on the landing, and she stood so close to me I could feel the warmth from her body. She was chatting all the time, whether I was single or not. When I told her I was single, she was definitely interested, resting her leg against my shoulder! When I had fixed the socket, I moved into the bedroom. She followed me in, sitting on the bed, hugging her knees to her tits. Have you ever knelt on the floor, looking up at a bird, sat on a bed, with her knees tucked under her chin? Unless you don't want a stiff on – don't. I could see the long slit of her cunt, and it was a pretty sight. I began to say a few sexy remarks, like how desireable she was, and what nice legs she had. I had such a stiff on, I couldn't have cared less whether she was lovely or a cow. The more I chatted her up, the wider became her legs. In the end I just had to get to my feet, go to her side and plant a wet kiss on her waiting lips.

My God! Her reaction startled me. She had hold of my cock, playing with it like she was in a competition. I pushed her back on the bed, ran my hand up her nightie and grabbed a handful of sticky hair. Her cunt was like an open door, and she was panting as though she had just run a four minute mile. I fucked that woman stupid, and she still wanted more. I ended up flat out on the bed, pants down by my knees, cock rigid and stuck in her gob, my fingers in her fanny. It took me three hours to fix that plug socket, I was working on it in between fucking her.

She wasn't an isolated case. There have been quite a number like that. I remember once working in an empty house. The couple who owned it were newly married and they wanted some wall lights fitted, and a few extra sockets. I say the house was empty, there were a few items of furniture around, a table and some chairs, and a divan. I was busy on a wall light when the 'bride' arrived to see how I was getting on. She was a darling, like a commercial for a Silvakrin shampoo, all long blonde hair and nice tits. She was wearing jeans and a tight jumper and she made me feel randy just looking at her. She made me a cup of tea, and we sat on the divan drinking it. I pulled her leg about being just married, but she pulled her face, saying that her husband was no good in bed, he shot his lot as soon as he put his cock in her! I slipped one arm around her waist, and she didn't object, in fact, she leaned her tits against my chest. We started necking, and I got my hand up her jumper to give her tits a feel. She was as randy as a goat, squirming against me, then taking hold of my cock. "Give me a fucking" she panted, "I haven't had one for ages." I peeled her jeans down, my cock like a stallion's. She was wearing those tight kind of knickers, the top starting just about where her pubes start, and so tight you could see the shape of her cunt. I rubbed her over her knickers for a bit until her juice was running smoothly, then down came her knickers. She widened her legs, lay back on the divan, her jumper pushed up to her neck, bare to the tits, and her wet cunt waiting for my stiff cock. I fucked her steadily for about five minutes, until she came, then I speeded up and shot my lot into her. She enjoyed it so much she didn't bother putting her knickers back on, and did a few little jobs around the house. I was fixing the wall light when she came behind me, played with my cock until it was hard, then, when I turned round, she went on her knees and took me in her mouth, giving me a gam. I did the same for her, giving her tender cunt a good sucking off. And that was a newly-married bird! Some women are quite direct about it, they will ask you to get them on the bed and fuck 'em. They get a kick out of it, and the better off they are, the worse they are. As if fucking with a common workman is the finest there is. It's a good job I'm not married, sometimes I am too tired to do anything when I arrive at my own home!

Colin M. Plymouth.

We get many letters from gentlemen like you, whose work takes them into other people's homes. Truth is far stranger than fiction, and some of the things our readers tell us are quite startling. The man who installed our central heating told us that at one place where he worked, the lady of the house used to greet him in the morning wearing nothing but a pair of black stockings, and he had to screw her before he could use a spanner!

Come Blow Your Horn!

Dear Editor,

I am twenty two, and for years I have been a fan of 'Top of the Pops' buying all the top ten records as they came out, swooning over such groups as the Bay City Rollers, The Stones, even the early Beatles records. Now I have changed, I am a jazz fan, getting wet britches over Clifford Brown's trumpet, listening to Ella with appreciation, and waiting with bated breath for the next Count Basies visit. You may wonder what has caused this upheaval in my musical life. It is all due to a man who plays the saxophone in the dirtiest, sexiest manner possible.

It was jazz night in this pub, and I was with my current boy friend, and he had a friend playing with the group, on guitar, so I went along with him. The moment Harry started to play a strange feeling came over me. The music seemed to go into my flesh, my pussy wept with appreciation, and I couldn't do anything but stare at him. During the interval, Harry came over to me and bought me a drink. The boy I was with was talking to his friend, leaving me all alone. A feeling of knowing Harry came over me. I wanted him to screw me, so I told him so. He just grinned and went back to the small stage, the boy friend cleared off when the show was over, with his guitarist, leaving me along. Harry came over, asked where I lived and offered to run me home.

That was when my new life started. He was divorced from his wife and lived in a small flat. We went in, he kissed me, and took me into his bedroom. I got undressed very fast, showing him my tits and the bush I have between my legs. He told me that all saxophone players were good at kissing fanny, so I opened wide for him. If he blew up a storm when he was playing then he blew up a hurricane between my legs. His lips were marvellous, and the way he sucked and tickled with his tongue brought me to an orgasm within minutes. I was still on my back, trying to get over what he had done, when he came on me, fucking and screwing with a cock as big as his saxophone. That was how my life changed, and now I'm screwed only by jazz men. I stand in the bar, listening to them turn the old music out, and my knickers get wet.

A trumpet player, Bob, took me into the car park once and screwed me rigid. It wasn't his cock that sent me over the moon, it was his kissing. His lips were so hard, yet sensitive. I go to the jazz concerts and I love them. Pop groups don't turn me on, but give me a booting tenor, or a bluesy trumpet, and I'm ready to hit the hay. How these kids can get wet pants over a long haired bunch of morons is beyond me. I like a mature man, a guy who knows what he is doing, who knows how to screw as well as play. Music is a funny thing, it can make you sexy or sad, it does both to me. I could cry when the band plays a blues, and I could scream out and strip off when they go to town. My ambition is to be screwed by a black chess player.

Gina, West Bromwich

Well, hello Gina! This isn't Doreen who is answering your letter, but a frustrated jazz trumpet player, and I know exactly how you feel. I even get the horn playing my horn! I'm pleased that you have discovered the true music and discarded the rubbish that comes out today. May you be screwed from here to eternity, by good jazz men with big dicks! Harry Marle.

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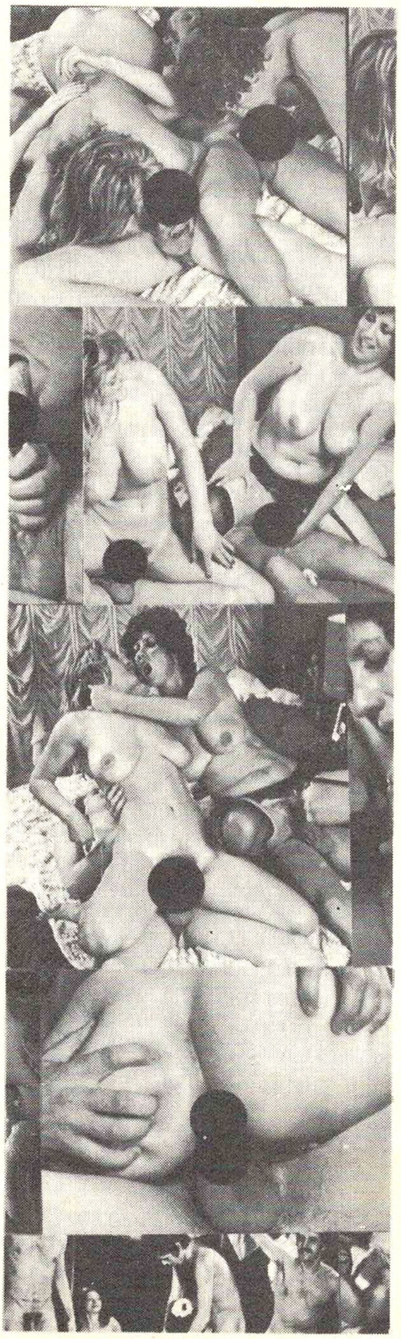

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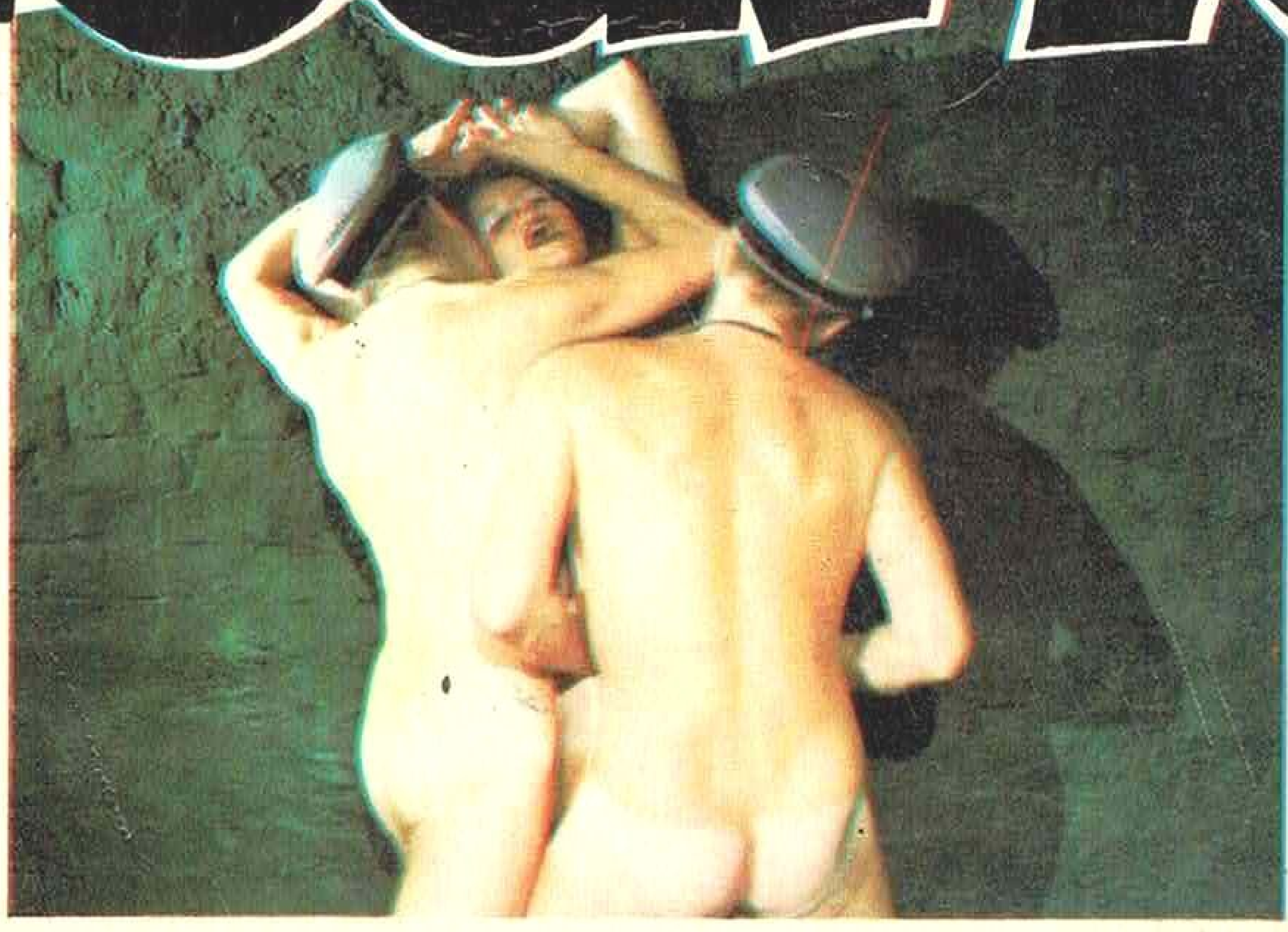

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